

A KING'S PRIVATE LETTERS



PAOLA, PRINCESS OF SAINT-GENIÈS

A KING'S PRIVATE LETTERS

*Being Letters written by King Constantine of
Greece to Paula Princess of Saxe-Weimar
during the Years 1912 to 1923*

WITH A PREFACE BY
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PREFACE

THESE letters of King Constantine, which were not originally intended for publication, give a true insight into the character of the King, General and kindly gentleman who was loved by the mass of his people. The fault that was partly responsible for the disaster which overtook him was, as he once said to me, "Jackie Fisher says that to be successful one must be a good hater. I confess I am not; I can't even hate people who have wronged me without cause." Another saying of his when in exile in Switzerland shows his generosity of character, "If I only knew myself by what is written of me in the French and English newspapers, I should hate myself; but the British are the fairest-minded people in the world, and when they are allowed to know the truth they will acquit me."

In Greece, during the first part of the war, the only three people who were entitled to give an opinion on King Constantine's policy were the British Admiral, the British Military Attaché (both of whom were there during the beginning of the Great War) and Lord Kitchener, who went out there after the war had been in progress about two years. All these three experts commended the policy of King Constantine as the only one that was favourable to the Allies. The British Government chose to accept the advice of the civilians, and consequently the experts were not listened

to. If they had been, the Great War would probably have come to an end two years sooner than it did.

King Constantine was too honest to be a diplomat, and too straight to battle against intrigue. Lord Kitchener summed up his opinion of the King's policy after a long conversation with him in the same words almost that Constantine used about the gallant Field-Marshal, "The man is quite right."

Constantine was the real brain of his army. As Chief of the Naval Staff I was constantly in touch with him, and knew how he worked his war schemes. Every possible situation that might arise was catered for, and I can affirm that one situation was never contemplated as a possibility, and that was that Greece should ever be on the opposite side to Great Britain. The method of procedure was as follows:

The King put down the different possible combinations, and for each one he worked out a general idea of campaign. This he sent to the General Staff, who worked out the details and also showed if any part of the general idea could not be carried out from causes of topography or other reasons, in which case the King altered the general idea and sent it back for further criticism. All these plans were gone over every three months, and if a dangerous situation was arising, a plan would be kept up to date every month, and later every week.

He was an ideal chief, for he was never overbearing, and always invited criticism and discussion. He never hedged, but confessed straight out if he had been wrong.

In war he was humane, almost too humane. In the Balkan campaign the Greeks had obtained a few aeroplanes, and it was suggested by someone at a

Council that they should be sent with bombs to try and destroy the Turkish General and his staff in a building which they were known to occupy. King Constantine at once said, "We are civilized fighters, and that is not civilized warfare." The remainder agreed, and the bombing of headquarters, together with the shooting of sentries, the sinking of merchant ships, the shooting of women and children, were left to be introduced into modern warfare by great Powers concerned in the European war of three years later.

I hope this book will be read, and that justice will be done to a fine figure of a man, a kindly gentleman and a King who always placed his country and his people before himself, and whose word was his bond.

MARK KERR.

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IN UMBRA SILEO

WHEN I think of my limited capacity and compare it with the extent of the work I want to accomplish, I feel discouraged. I have the impression that I am working against a stream, because I find a reputation has already been built up by his enemies which has directed public opinion in a manner unfavourable to the memory of the unfortunate King Constantine of Greece.

I do not wish to conceal the painful apprehension that takes hold of me as I begin this work, because I feel that a similar sense of isolation must have pervaded his spirit when Constantine had to fight against public opinion throughout the world.

My remembrances are still so dazzling that the more I try to collect them the more they escape my memory, so that I have difficulty in describing and co-ordinating the events that I wish to revive.

But I know that I shall be assisted by the remembrance of the almost superhuman efforts that Constantine made to save his country and, at the same time, do his duty in the most difficult circumstances. It was this effort that overtaxed his strength and led to the final catastrophe. But I am certain that the time will come when the figure of Constantine will stand out in its true light, and that he will be recognized as a man who did his duty regardless of obstacles and persecution. And it is with this object in view

that I am publishing his letters to me, for friendship is sometimes able to hunt out and destroy the calumny and reveal the truth.

Having been on terms of great friendship with King Constantine for twelve years, I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty to undertake a task which a short time ago I could not possibly have believed to be necessary—that of restoring his character in the eyes of the world. *The changing stream of public favour, the instability of the feelings of the masses, the difficulties of that stormy period and the clashing of different events, combined with hypocrisy, mistaken diplomacy and perverted propaganda, give a wrong impression of the character of a king in whom his people had justly believed. But the character itself was unchanged; it was only the campaign of mendacity that concealed it from view and presented it in a false and distorted light.*

This sovereign, who sacrificed himself for the love of his people, was crushed by a succession of revolts and conspiracies, and especially by the antipathy of his former Minister, Venizelos. His declared enemies, as well as some false friends, found the King an easy target, for he was a man who never played with words or entered into intrigues. He believed with a childlike faith in other people, and could not understand the man who would be friendly to his face while meditating stabbing him in the back. The genius of evil was even able to bring together powers who were fighting against each other to make a common attack on him; as he wrote to me from Asia Minor, "I am not fighting against Turkey, but against Turkey, Germany and France; for the two irreconcilable enemies have agreed to send war material to the

Turks! The struggle is beyond our strength; I cannot continue." This was in 1922.

The struggle which Constantine kept up for his country, and the profound bitterness which he felt at its ingratitude, combined with the anxiety of the war and later the cruel torture of a double exile, must be laid before the world so that it can judge between him and his detractors. The hostility shown in the Press of the Allied countries, and by many people who wished to see another power in Greece, surpassed all bounds, and shocked everyone who knew the honesty and single-mindedness of this unfortunate sovereign; and it is for this reason that I have overcome the natural repugnance which one has in publishing the letters of a friend after his death. From this correspondence will be seen much more vividly than from any State document the genuineness of Constantine's methods, the sincerity of his purpose, as well as his honest idea of duty, for in these letters, which were never intended for publication, he reveals his hopes, fears, anxieties and all the various currents which ran through his mind.

Last winter, at the Hotel de Russie in Rome, I was waiting for the Honourable Th. P., a former member of the Greek Parliament. He called very late, and when he arrived he was pale and evidently upset. His tie was in disorder and his eyes were blazing with anger as he told me, "I have been to the Palace Hotel to present my respects to Queen Sophie and the Royal Princesses. Coming down into the hall I met a friend of mine, a Greek officer, and we stopped there talking for awhile, but our conversation soon changed into arguments and quarrels. To my

words of reproach because the Greek Government had forsaken 'our Sovereign whose body was lying unburied at Naples, he answered me, 'We do not want that traitor, not even dead, in Greece.'

"Blinded with anger, I struck him with my fist in the face; some people interfered and parted us, but here I am at last, and I know you will now forgive me, Princess, for being so late and so untidy."

He was still panting.

And then I understood that it was my duty to publish King Constantine's letters.

In 1922, San Remo, where I had only just arrived, gave me rather a bad impression. It was raining hard and a strong and chilly wind was blowing. I was with a few friends near the piano, and we were trying to amuse ourselves with singing and dancing until tea was served. The newspapers were brought in, and I unfolded one, without paying any special attention to it, when I felt paralyzed and frozen, as if a dead hand had been placed on my heart as I read,

"Villa Hygia—THE DEATH OF CONSTANTINE"

I could neither move nor utter a single word, for I could not bring myself to believe the news, and I felt only one desire—to get away from where I was in order to see him again. His brother, Prince Nicholas, with his beautiful wife and children, were staying at the Hotel des Anglais, and I at once went over to them and found them gathered together in a small drawing-room. We shook hands, but no one could speak. They had learned the sad news a few hours previously by telegram, and were waiting for the night train in order to depart.

It was already evening, an evening overcast, cold and chilly, but I started at once for Naples in a motor-car along an unknown road. It was an awful journey, for the headlights were working badly, and the road was very rough ; but, shaken and tossed as I was, I felt nothing except the tragedy that had fallen on Greece, and the ending of a friendship that had been unbroken for so many years.

I first knew King Constantine in 1912. I was making a tour of Greece with my husband and, while at Athens, I was presented to the Crown Prince, Constantine. Tall, fair, with an active figure, and with soft blue eyes like those of his aunt Queen Alexandra, eyes in which a quizzical smile constantly appeared even while his face was grave, he looked every inch a king and a kindly gentleman. Our meeting was the beginning of a friendship which stood the test of time and which became stronger as the years passed.

After a short stay in Athens, the King invited us to his castle of Tatoi for a visit. Tatoi reminded me very much of Cap Martin, although it is twelve miles from Athens and fifteen miles from the sea. It is on one of the most charming slopes of the spurs of Mount Parnes, at an altitude of about two thousand feet above the sea level. A forest of pine trees stretches as far as the eye can see in one direction, whilst toward Parnes one looks in admiration over the beautiful plains of Attica. Its beauty is impossible to describe.

The whole of the royal domain is subdivided into villas, one for the King, another for the Crown Prince, and others for the Princes Nicholas and Andrew. There is still one more, which is called the Queen's

Pavilion, about five hundred yards from the King's palace, and this I occupied. I was obliged to sacrifice my morning's rest, for King George desired to greet his guests at nine o'clock breakfast, and I was careful never to miss it. After one o'clock luncheon we generally rested in the park, and often the Crown Prince, an aide-de-camp, the librarian, or the controller of the estate and myself, would sit talking for quite a long time, and frequently the Russian Ambassador and his first secretary would join our party.

Five o'clock tea, and then a drive in a motor-car, and a walk or a game of lawn tennis. Dinner was at half-past eight, and after it we used to play bridge or do puzzles until time to go to bed, when sometimes the Crown Prince would escort me as far as my pavilion.

The nights were of fantastic beauty, the country bathed in moonlight under the purity of a transparent sky, and I loved to remain long in the park listening to the mysterious voices of the night. At certain hours the foresters' patrol would pass, walking through the vineyards and striking empty petrol tins to scare away the wild boars. These noises troubled me considerably until I knew their cause; and, in addition, one constantly heard the roaring of wild stags, that every night seemed to choose the neighbourhood of my pavilion as a rendezvous, to the great terror of my maid, who used to appear in the morning, pale and trembling, praying me to depart.

In the towns and villages through which I passed, when travelling in Greece, I found everyone united in praising the good nature and kindness of the Crown Prince Constantine, and the same character was given

him by his relations and the ladies and gentlemen at Court, while the servants were also loud in his praises. His valet was so old that he could not look after his master, and if he stooped down to close a suit-case he always had to be assisted to straighten himself again. But the Crown Prince would not part with him, for he said that he had known him since he was born.

I think one of the most endearing qualities of Constantine was his simplicity of manners. It did not matter with whom he was conversing; he extended the same courtesy to all. He was very clear in argument, and could pick up a point with the greatest ease, added to which he had an extraordinarily good memory, and could discuss literature, music and travel with equal facility.

He had no false pride. I remember asking him why he was going to Corfu by passenger steamer instead of using the royal yacht, and why the royal salute had not been fired. He explained to me that the Government had complained of the expense, so he had not used the one and had stopped the other.

I have never seen a greater devotion displayed by the masses of the people towards their ruler than that shown by the Greek peasants toward their King. An eloquent proof of this was shown during the King's illness, when people came from miles away on foot to kneel and pray round the palace day and night; and again, when mobilization was ordered for the war against Turkey, the people responded in a wonderful manner, and even the old men and women worked at the manufacture of munitions and at the cultivation of the fields.

Constantine was a man of very high principles,

and entirely superior to the petty passions which so often upset men of character. His nature was one which conduced to happiness and which was meant to be happy. There was a sweetness in his face and a charm in his smile which were reflections of his mind; and, above this, the dominating part of his character was his devotion to duty.

In war he always kept the main idea in view, and he really was the General who commanded the army; at the same time he had a horror of war and all the terrors that accompany it, and on the eve of the campaign against the Turks he wrote, "War is a detestable thing, but a prince and a king should be soldiers in our times and, above all, in a country like mine, where the King must really be the chief of his army." -

About the end of the year 1913 I went to Greece for the second time in order to witness the return of the King. I shall not describe the rejoicings, but merely say that I found on that occasion the greatest demonstration of loyalty, combined with admiration, that any people could give to a sovereign. The populace swarmed into Athens from all parts of Greece in order to get as near their King as they could, to show him the warmth of their greeting.

I fancy that M. Venizelos did not quite appreciate the King's popularity. Having begun life as an obscure lawyer in Greece, he had risen, through a series of political convulsions, to the highest position in his native island of Crete. He was always a rebel against any authority except his own. When he first came to Athens he was given the entire control of the country in order to pull it out of the chaos into which it had fallen from various reasons too long to go into. This he did, and undoubtedly performed a great

service to Greece, but in the doing of it he convinced himself that he was a greater man than he was, and afterwards he was inclined to crush any person who held an opinion which differed from his own or who seemed likely to rival him in popular favour.

I was at Salonika when the King went round the hospitals in the company of the medical officers and the ladies of the Red Cross. It was a revelation to witness how really cheered up the wounded were when they saw the King, their General. Among the thousands of wounded there was one case which was so terrible that the man seemed no longer human. He was surrounded by medical men who had come from Germany expressly to study his case. It seemed a miracle that this poor wreck of humanity not only recognized but even smiled at the royal General as he passed.

I stayed a few days at Salonika, and made the acquaintance of the Crown Prince George and Prince Alexander, who was later to become the sovereign during the exile of his father, and I frequently had luncheon or dinner at the house which the Royal Family were occupying, and which was formerly the property of a Levantine banker. It was a large house with a very beautiful garden stretching down to the sea.

As I wished to see His Majesty's entrance into Athens, I left Salonika in a steamer which conveyed the general staff officers who were preceding the King to the capital.

The King landed at Phaleron, and the roar of cheers which began continued for the whole four miles between that port and Athens. There were ten thousand wounded among the spectators in

stands beside the road along which the procession passed. It was indeed a marvellous reception.

I think it as well to refer here to the cause of the unpopularity of King Constantine in France. It began and grew from an incident which took place on his first arrival in Berlin after the Balkan wars. He had been informed that the German Emperor was going to do him the great honour of making him a Field Marshal of the German Army. He naturally believed that the ceremony would take place in state at the palace, but instead of this the Emperor presented him with a Field Marshal's baton in the entrance hall of the railway station, and made a speech praising the military genius of his guest, of whom, he said, Germany was very proud. Constantine, not expecting the presentation to take place at the moment of his arrival, had not prepared his speech, but he was forced to make a few remarks, and amongst them he uttered the following words, which were the beginning of his troubles with France. "And I am so much more proud on account of the fact that I pursued my military studies in Germany." This was perfectly true. He had gone through his military training in Germany, as also had several of his war staff. The German Press exaggerated the words even in the official text, and France was deeply offended that he had by implication given German officers the credit for his military successes.

Everybody who knew the King intimately—and among them the senior naval and military officers who were at Athens during the beginning and through the first years of the European War—have testified that King Constantine was never on the side of the Central Powers, but gave every assistance he could

to the Allies short of going into the war. He was prepared to come in on the side of Great Britain and France if he had sufficient support, but this was never offered him, and without it he was perfectly aware that his country would be wiped out by the superior Bulgarian army, backed by a large force of Germans and Austrians who were in readiness to support their allies.

On October 10th, 1915, the King wrote to me as follows :—

“ I find that everybody is in confusion and committing blunders ; just think of what is going on here in the Balkans. Here also the Entente comes like the famous gendarmes, too late. When their troops arrive, Serbia will have ceased to exist. The only diplomat who understands something here is Count Bosdari.”

Later he pointed out in a letter to me that though he was determined not to abandon neutrality, he was in a very awkward position, as the Bulgarians had defeated the Allies ; and, if he allowed them into Greece in their pursuit, he would get into severe trouble, while if he stopped them from destroying the Anglo-French troops he would probably be attacked and dragged into the war. He did stop the Bulgarians pursuing the Allies into Greece, and thereby saved the Allied army ; and by good management he avoided having Greece wiped out by the Bulgarians, assisted by the Germans and Austrians, as he wrote to me on February 17th, 1916 :—

“ Just think what would have happened if I had gone in with the Entente ! They would not have sent me sufficient troops, as is always the case with

them, and I should have stood alone against the Germans, Austrians and Bulgarians and been crushed; and to-day they would say: 'Poor King of Greece—but what a hero!' "

As far as Constantine's attitude in regard to my Motherland, Italy, is concerned, it is with great pride that I can testify to its having always been sincerely friendly. At certain times relations did not appear to be so cordial, but those lapses occurred through the action of San Giuliano and Venizelos, who was an Italophobe.

A short time before King Constantine's death he wrote to me from Rome saying:

"The Fascisti authorities would not allow me to pay for the ticket to Naples, nor for the boat to Palermo. The Italians are so amiable and polite toward me that I am quite moved and impressed."

I believe that few people have loved their country and its people as Constantine did his. He was proud of his Greek nationality, and I remember on one occasion I teased him a little and said, "You are altogether a man of the North, tall and blonde and with the blue eyes of your aunt, Queen Alexandra." He thereupon became furious, saying, "It is not true. I cannot bear the cold; I hate the fog; I am a Greek, and was born in Greece."

I remember with an overwhelming sense of pity his first exile (when, through misrepresentation, jealousy, and other causes, the conqueror of the Bulgarians and the Turks was expelled from his country). In order to get out of his palace, he had to fight his way through his people, who caught hold of him and

tried to stop him getting into the car; and one old man even threatened to kill him, so that Greece should retain his body. A word from him would have raised the whole population, but he knew that they must eventually be overwhelmed by the power of the Allies, so he instructed them to remain quiet and to obey the new authority. At the time of his power he had shown that he knew how to use it, and in the time of disaster he showed an even greater courage and dignity in the way that he accepted it. His one grief, which never left him, was that after having been instrumental in restoring to Greece a great part of her ancient territory and freeing tens of thousands of their co-religionists from Turkish rule, much of this work would of necessity be undone by his banishment; and consequently in a country like Greece anarchy was bound to follow.

In December 1920, a plebiscite of the people was taken as to whether they would have a king, and what king they would have. The result of the voting was the most remarkable instance of the kind in the history of the world: 1,013,734 votes for King Constantine, and 10,383 against him!

On September 25th, 1921, once more Constantine was made the scape-goat for disasters for which he was in no way responsible. In his "Preface" to Mr. G. F. Abbott's book, "Greece and the Allies," Admiral Mark Kerr points this out, and, referring to the first exile of the King, says:

"In this case King Constantine would not have been exiled from his country, and consequently he would not have permitted the Greek Army to be sent to Asia Minor, which he always stated would ruin Greece, as the country was not rich enough nor strong

enough to maintain an overseas colony next to an hereditary enemy like the Turk."

The campaign in Asia Minor, which started at the Allies' request during Constantine's exile, was entirely opposed to the absent King's wishes and common sense, but he felt bound on his return to carry out the policy to which Venizelos had pledged the Greeks. If he had not fallen ill it is possible that the disaster would have been averted; as it was the disaster which gave the Bolsheviks, who were financing the Turks, the handle they wanted and which they speedily grasped. The King had nothing to reproach himself with except that he regretted he had not acted with greater rigour against the rebels.

"I was too indulgent, too civilized for these assassins. I know what you think, but do not accuse my people: they are not responsible for the faults of a few blood-thirsty ruffians."

While staying at the Villa Hygeia, he heard the news of his brother Andrew's arrest, and this was the last blow to his already shattered health. The doctors were obliged to "let" from him three hundred gms. of blood, and yet he apparently did not realize that the end was so near, for on January 6th, 1923, he wrote me a letter which reached me three days after his death.

"When I think that I shall soon be able to see you once again, I feel very happy, and hope that when I am in Florence I shall be able to visit you at Sarmato."

I have written thus much, and am publishing the letters in the hope that they may dispel the shadow in which Constantine's enemies have endeavoured to

envelop him. At the time of writing he still lies, forgotten and forsaken, in a poor little church in Naples, in the Guantai Nuovi quarter.

Greece gave her spirit to the ancient world; has she not still sufficient spirit to hear the voice of her dead King asking that his remains may be given a sepulchre in the country for which he gave his life?

"Carry me," says he, "that I may see the all-smiling land."

The urns wherein repose the ashes of sovereigns who have done good for their people should be shrined in their own country. The Goths, unable to give to Alaric, who died in a foreign land, a sepulchre in their own country, diverted the course of the Busento, and in the bed of the river laid to rest "the great dead of their race." It needed the return of barbarism, degraded by Bolshevism, for the civilized world to behold the spectacle, offered by the political people of Hellas, of their King, whom a few years before they extolled for his great victories and good government, left unburied in a foreign country.

I hope that this shameful forgetfulness may very soon end, and that the great majority of the people of Greece, who still love the memory of Constantine, may make their voices heard, so that:—"Athens, calmed, from the madness of threatening demagogues may raise you to the Parthenon."

PAOLA, COUNTESS OF OSTHEIM,
PRINCESS OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

H.M. KING CONSTANTINE'S LETTERS

THE CRUSADE, 1912-13

THE CRUSADE, 1912-13

August 26th, 1912.

MY DEAR PAOLA,

The position around us in Turkey and in the other Balkan States is somewhat disquieting; especially this revolution in Albania is beginning to be a source of danger to the interests of the surrounding countries, and if it continues I very much fear that we shall be compelled to mobilize. For the moment I do not think that we shall have war, but in Turkey it is always the unexpected that happens.

It is really very complicated; in Europe people understand nothing at all about what is happening here in the Balkans. To-morrow morning I am off to Athens to see the Ministers. Things are not yet beginning to be interesting, but they might become so at any moment. This morning I received an eight-page telegram in cypher.

*Corfu,
September 20th, 1912.*

MY DEAR PAOLA,

How glad I am that you had a good crossing! I was hoping that you would, from the inquiry that I had made. As for me, I arrived here this morning after a crossing when the sea was like glass. My daughters were delighted at our meeting, and so was I. The eldest is really very pretty; she has a charming figure. She is a good girl, natural, and without pre-

tensions, fortunately; I should have hated it to be otherwise,—but I think that all my children are like that, and I hope they will always endeavour to get themselves forgiven for being princes.

I am only here for four days; I am returning to Athens next Tuesday. It is difficult for me to absent myself for longer than that during this time of political storms which threaten on the horizon. We are not much farther on than we were on the day of your departure. Only it seems that war-like excitement is growing in Bulgaria in a disquieting manner, especially in the army.

They are even talking of getting rid of the King unless he declares war. It is uncertain whether he and his Government will be able to carry public opinion with him up to the end. It is quite possible that the officers whom you saw on board are reinforcements sent to our frontier. War is a detestable thing—I know something about it, but a prince and a king have still to be soldiers nowadays, especially in a country like mine, where the King must really be the Chief of his army. And in spite of these thoughts, I cannot deny that just now I should perhaps wish for war, but war under the conditions that I told you about, that is to say, the four kingdoms of the Balkans united against the hereditary enemy the Turks, whose presence in Europe is an anachronism and a disgrace. We shall never again find an opportunity so propitious to the realization of our national ideals and the dreams that we began to dream four hundred years ago! But it does not depend upon us: it requires the agreement of the four, and it is not always easy to arrange, because in many things we have interests which are radically opposed. We could never fight alone against

a Colossus such as Turkey is still, in spite of the state of decomposition into which she has entered. We tried it once and got the worst of it, and it was I, above all others, who suffered from it. Moreover, it is just as much *amour-propre* as patriotism which inspires me with all that I am telling you.

Corfu,
September 23rd, 1912.

MY DEAR PAOLA,

This morning I received an eight-page cypher telegram: two of the other countries accept our proposals of reforms to be urged upon Turkey for Macedonia, but as they are certain that she will not agree, they want war at once, and they even demand that the *casus belli* should come from us. If we were to do this it would perhaps be drawing the chestnuts out of the fire for the others. We are not such fools! In any case, the pot is boiling; I don't know at all what will come of it. As for me, I am getting my togs in order and am buying a good horse from my sister-in-law. I shall need a good one for the fatigue of a campaign; those that I had at Tatoi used to get tired after carrying me for two hours. With my war equipment I must ride more than one hundred kilos in the field.

To revert to more peaceful subjects—Here, in spite of all, we are rather more like a Court than at Tatoi, at least as regards our meals. To begin with, we sit down ten to table, and there is a German tutor for my youngest son, who worries me considerably. There is not much conversation, and it is very dull.

After meals we stand about in the hall or on the terrace, pretending to make conversation, and then we

go to our rooms. It is the usual routine of Courts. But beyond that, I go about in cabs or taxis, not having my car, for it was not worth while to have it for so few days. If nothing serious happens, I intend to go into Thessaly at the beginning of October, for a week. There are some races there, very primitive ones, which last four days; and then I shall go up to my property, where I have not been for the last four years. It is not the Patras one. I intend to take my daughter and her governess with me. It will be a good thing for her to see a little of the country, for she only knows Athens and Corfu; and then it amuses me to have her with me.

I no longer know anything of what is happening in the world outside. My newspapers go to Athens and they have not yet forwarded them to me.

Athens,
September 26th, 1912

MY DEAR PAOLA,

Here I am at Athens, where I have been since yesterday; I had an ideal crossing again, in spite of my apprehensions. Fortunately what little wind there was came off the land, so that I was sheltered. In Corfu it was raining in torrents, a tropical rain ever since I arrived, but in the rest of the country it is so dry as to begin to be a calamity. Also there is a heavy, damp heat with a cloudy sky which is very disagreeable. It is even hot at night. To-day we have had it at thirty degrees, even hotter than when you were here. My family, who had intended to stay for at least one month in Corfu, arrives here to-morrow for several reasons. First, the rain, which, it appears, keeps on. Secondly, as my brother Andre is at "Mon Repos," the Palace officials had sent every-

thing for him to the country, so that the palace in the city was left without anything at all: no kitchen utensils; no wardrobes with plate-glass doors; no meat covers, etc., so that the food was exposed to all the flies and other impurities. The result was that everyone was poisoned and had stomach-aches, except myself. My little daughter even had forty degrees of fever, poor little thing. We knew nothing at all about this state of things, or we could have sent what was required from here, but it is difficult to imagine a palace in such a condition.

I arrived here just at the right time. The President of the Council and the Minister for Foreign Affairs came to meet me at the station, and told me that a telegram had just arrived from Bulgaria, that she believed herself to be threatened, because the Turks were collecting an army of 100,000 men on her frontiers; that she was going to mobilize, and that she asked us to mobilize too, in virtue of an Article of our Treaty of Alliance. Charming! To-day I learn that mobilization is going on throughout the whole of Macedonia. The thing is getting nearer and nearer. It is not yet war, but it is a heaping up of inflammable materials which may catch fire from the smallest spark. The Government has telegraphed to my father to beg him to return, because if we mobilize one of these days I shall not be able to do both things at once—take command of the Army and act as king. If it is war, it will be dreadful at this time of year. In a few weeks, winter will be upon us, and you can imagine what we shall have to suffer in a thinly-populated country, with tiny wretched villages, in which the troops will necessarily be obliged to bivouac.

To-day I had the military tailor to arrange my wardrobe and that I might order some things for the cold. When you receive this letter you will already know from the papers whether the position has become dangerous or not. I am only sending you details which may perhaps interest you.

And now I have to ask you a favour, which you suggested to me. I ask your pardon beforehand for troubling you, but as you were so kind as to propose it to me, I am going to take you at your word. Our cook is becoming unbearable, and I shall be compelled to discharge him very soon. You told me about a very good cook who had been with you, and who, you thought, might come here if I needed him. Would you be kind enough to find out whether he would be willing to come here, what he would require in the way of wages, and whether he would need a French assistant? We have a Greek cook who cooks pretty well—you know that yourself—and he worked for two years in my house with a French chef. In case he could come, I should like to know within what time he could do so, in order that I might give notice to my own cook. Once more, please forgive me for asking all this of you, but you are such a dear, and I know that you will do this for me. I cannot tell you how much I miss you. There are so many things that I should like to tell you; letters are a very poor substitute for talks, are they not? Especially now, when I have so many things in my mind of which I should like to talk to someone who would listen to me sympathetically. Mine is a rotten trade, there is no doubt about it! What are you doing in Paris? I know, of course, that you will be all day with the dressmakers, but after that,

when you have finished with them, what do you do? And do you not go out sometimes in the evenings? If you arrived in Paris last Monday, and if you wrote to me on the following day, I ought to receive your letter the day after to-morrow, and I am awaiting it with extreme impatience.

Tatoi,

September 29th, 1912.

Here we are at the height of warlike excitement. The public is beginning to catch it, although as yet there is nothing certain. The Minister for Foreign Affairs has just telephoned to me that he has important telegrams to communicate to me, and I am going down into the town at once to see what they are. On my return I shall write to you if there is anything interesting. My family has returned from Corfu in a sad state. All of them, governess, nurses, housemaids, have stomach-aches, pains, etc. It seems that here too, in the kitchen, which was inspected to-day by a doctor, it is very nearly as bad, and we are obliged to send for all the things from our kitchen in Athens. A fine state of things for a Court, there is no doubt about it! You can get some idea of what is happening if you think of the condition of the hen-roost which you saw here. And to think that everything belonging to the great palace is more or less in that state! If you were to see the stables you would be astonished. My father is returning one of these days, and I am curious to see what steps he will take. He has been recalled by the Ministry on account of the political situation. He will not be pleased. This evening he leaves Copenhagen to come here direct, so that he will not be able to go and spend a month in Paris, as Czernovitz told you. Of course, it is only right that

the King should be here when the country is going through such a critical period, but it is so interesting that I do not want at all to give up my post. I shall have to try and find some means whereby I can keep *au courant* with affairs. Ordinarily I am told nothing and I never know what is happening. Now I am obliged to go to Athens! I shall go on with this letter this evening, when I have returned.

Paris,
September 29th, 1912.
(Evening)

I have seen the Chief of Staff,¹ with whom we discussed plans of operation, and then the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The whole of the political world in Europe is dumbfounded at the simultaneous mobilization of the four Balkan kingdoms. No one expected it, and least of all was anyone willing to believe that we should come to an agreement, and certainly not that we should enter into an alliance. The great diplomatists have rather lost their heads, and they now don't know what to do, in their great wisdom, to stop the war. The Turks are beginning already their dirty tricks, before any act of hostility has taken place. They are preventing Greek ships in the Dardanelles from leaving. There are at least thirteen of them shut up there. Yesterday we purchased in England four quite new torpedo cruisers, the best that there are just now in the Mediterranean. That gives us sea superiority over the Turks. If they will not come out of the Dardanelles with their

¹ General Dangl. In 1915 became Member of Parliament, took part with Venizelos in the Revolution of Salonika, and was in 1916 Member of the Revolutionary Triumvirate with Venizelos and Admiral Co-ndrariou. He died 1921.

fleet, as they did for the Italians, we shall have to go and blow them up in their stronghold. But it is premature to talk so early of such things. To-day I bought a horse; and I got another given to me from the Cavalry School, and I shall have yet a third from a civilian gentleman. Then we shall have four motor-cars for myself and my staff. In three or four days the troops will begin to start for the frontier.

Tatoi,

October 1st, 1912.

The mobilization is in full swing here. The public is behaving very well. All the conscripts are coming in with enthusiasm to be enrolled in their regiments. There is a quiet, serious enthusiasm, which is a good sign. This spirit produces greater results than a noisy or momentary enthusiasm, which evaporates at the first reverse and which then produces a very dangerous reaction that has its repercussion throughout the army, the consequences of which cannot be foreseen. I know something about it! It seems that I have a popularity and a reputation as a soldier that I did not anticipate. They say that in the provinces people come in crowds to enlist in the regiments, shouting hurrahs for me. This is flattering, but it makes my task yet more difficult, for, between ourselves—and it is no use blinking the fact—we have not got what in Europe would be called a real-army at all; it is rather a militia, and with that it is not easy to fight against trained troops, like those of the Turks, and especially against the Turk himself, who is the best soldier in the world, both because of his innate discipline and especially because he believes implicitly in what he is taught by his religion. We

Christians are also taught by our religion that we shall go to Paradise if we have done our duty and if we die for our country, but I think that we are less convinced about it than are the Turks, who, like the Japanese, have no kind of fear of death, and that is an enormous source of strength. I am obliged to go into the town every day. There is a number of people who wish to speak to me. I am woken up at night to speak at the telephone; it is an exciting time. It will be good when the King has returned at the beginning of next week; then I shall only have my military duties; now I have both things to do.

My brother André arrives from Corfu this afternoon, and probably I shall come up here again in his car. He started as soon as he heard of the mobilization. You know that he, as indeed were my other brothers, was dismissed from the army three years ago, at the time of what they called the Revolution, which was merely a *pronunciamento*, as it was called once upon a time in Spain. Now that things are becoming serious their places are going to be restored to them! André is a very fine chap, and a very capable officer, who takes his profession seriously. They see this now and confess that it was only jealousy that made them kick their princes out!

I have returned from the town, where I have been for four hours. Well, the fat is in the fire! After a conference which lasted for an hour and a half with Venizelos, who is both President of the Council and Minister for War; the Minister of Marine and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, mobilization was decided upon. I made the sign of the Cross and signed the Decree.

It is for the moment a defensive measure, and does

not yet entail war as its inevitable result. As Turkey was collecting an army in Adrianople, as I wrote to you in my last letter, Bulgaria considered herself threatened and asked us to join her in mobilizing. The Powers intervened to endeavour to prevent Turkey from going on, fearing a conflagration, and then Turkey, in reply, reduced her army against Bulgaria, but, on the other hand, mobilized in Macedonia, that is to say, she has about 80,000 men against Bulgaria, and approximately 200,000 besides, which now forms a menace against us and the Serbs, and partly even against Montenegro. As Bulgaria and Serbia are mobilizing to-day, they have asked us to do the same thing in virtue of our alliance and in order to show Europe and Turkey that there is solidarity between us. It is a very serious responsibility to assume—I know quite well—but I think that there was nothing else to be done unless we showed ourselves faithless to our allies. And so, after having looked at the question from all sides, I signed. Within twenty days, if nothing intervenes, we shall have about 100,000 men on the frontier. I shall have to start in a fortnight to assume the command of that army. It is a very serious moment for Greece and for myself. I know that you are thinking and that you will think of me at this time, and during the much more difficult times yet to come, and that knowledge gives me courage. Just think what Greece will be if we succeed, if there is a war—of course, this is not at all certain, perhaps not even probable—but just think, too, what power will be mine personally and, through me, the King's! We shall be able, with the assistance of good collaborators, to restore order as we think best. The spirit of authority will

have made immense strides forward, and that will be justice, for it is just that spirit which we have completely lacked. It is only through someone with prestige that that spirit can be imposed, and what prestige can equal that of a victorious General, especially when he is a member of the Royal Family!

But, on the other hand, think what will happen in case of defeat, or, rather, it is best not to think of it! It would be better not to survive such a disaster! That is why I told you that if there were a war it would be possible that *I should not return from it*. But I do not think that we could have found a more favourable moment. We are not out for conquests, we are not seeking to fish in troubled waters, as would certainly be said in Europe: we desire to improve the lot of our co-nationals who are still under the Turkish yoke. If that can be achieved without a war, by moral pressure, so much the better; if not, we will fight and, if God wills, we shall conquer. But it will be difficult. I cannot tell you how much I miss you, how much I should have wished to speak to you about all this. Already there is a good deal of friction, especially regarding personal affairs. One does not want the position allotted to him, another wishes for a command which he is unfitted to assume. If they would leave me alone to do as I think best, with my Chief of Staff, it would be all right, but everyone interferes in everything, and when they cannot effect it otherwise they go to the Minister,¹ who has no military knowledge, and then I, or my unfortunate Chief of Staff, am obliged to explain at length why things have been decided as they have been. You see, it is ever the authority that is lacking. In every other country

¹ *Versailles*

every man would go to his allotted position, even if it did not please him, and would not dare to say one word. Here they often kick up a row; there is no discipline; but in a few days I shall have got things into shape. People accept a man who acts resolutely and energetically in exceptional circumstances, like the present; it is only on ordinary occasions that one makes oneself unpopular. That is why they wanted me to leave three years ago, and now they come back to me. It is a kind of *amende honorable* on their part, which they are making naïvely, unconsciously, without thinking of it. It's rather funny!

Athens,

October 5th, 1912.

I think that we are in for it! From the diplomatic despatches I observe that all the Cabinets of Europe perceive war to be inevitable. We are still in process of mobilization; the first movements of troops are to begin the day after to-morrow, Monday; I, with my staff, am leaving next Saturday for Larissa. It is an unpleasant awakening for the great countries which call themselves the "Powers," with a big P. Up till now they have believed themselves to represent Destiny to the small peoples; they have tried to play the part of God on the earth. Now, all at once, they perceive that the small peoples might also have a word to say about their future by combining together and forming out of their separate weaknesses a rather considerable strength, and that gives furiously to think to those Powers who are unable to come to an agreement as to their line of action. So one must not be too angry with them if they vent their ill-humour. The *New York Herald* is usually favourably disposed towards us, and fortunately that is the paper which

you read. All this has helped Italy, because Turkey, having a fresh dangerous war on her hands, has given way all round. Public opinion in Italy is with us. General Garibaldi wants to come and fight for us, as he has done on a previous occasion.

My father will probably come on Tuesday evening or Wednesday morning, and they are preparing a huge reception for him to mark the good intentions and enthusiasm of the public. Up till now they have shown an exemplary seriousness, which I far prefer to shouts and rowdiness in the streets, but I suppose that a southern people has to find a *safety-valve* and ease its soul by shouting.

We have had a big fire here. It broke out in the same spot as last time, when we saw it together, only this time the fire rose towards the property, instead of spreading downwards, as last time. But they extinguished it more quickly, and there has been less damage. I went in the afternoon to see it with my children, in the small car; when we reached the spot and got out of the car to walk through the wood my little girl was very frightened and didn't want to go closer. Her brother, who is ten, said to her: "Look at Father: he doesn't mind!" Then the girl said to him: "But he is going to the war!" One reason is as good as another to explain courage under fire. I worked like a nigger, and with a few men I succeeded in arresting the fire on my side. But my heart was beating so hard and the smoke had so choked me that I thought I was going to faint, and I lay down on the ground, much to the consternation of the little girl, who asked the others: "What are we going to do with him now?" One of my ears was burnt: I had a great hole in my collar, and I burnt my hand; but it

is better now. All this happened the day before yesterday, and this morning the fire broke out again, but it was immediately extinguished by the patrols who had remained on the spot to see that it did not break out again. These fires are always caused by the engines of the trains that pass. It has not rained yet, and the drought is unbelievable.

Fighting has already taken place on the frontiers of Bulgaria and Serbia, but only from the excess of zeal of the outposts. The Russian military attaché,¹ who arrived yesterday from Constantinople, told me that the Turks have ordered the mobilization of eighty divisions—six hundred thousand men! But it will take months and months before they are able to collect all that number of men, and in the meantime God knows what may happen.

We have a new priest, who is very nice. The one who used to officiate when you were here is terrible. He is an old man, nearly a hundred years old, almost entirely blind, and during Mass he often has accidents.

When you were here, although events were shaping towards war, we could not believe that they would ever lead us to the point where we now are. War is always difficult to believe in. Up till the last moment one hopes that it may be avoided. I hope so too, but if Turkey does not make some sacrifice of her *amour propre* it will be difficult. Of course I know they say it is not the season for war, and I wrote to you before that we were going to suffer a great deal, but one cannot always choose one's time and one's season; one is compelled by circumstances; and the cold now in Thessaly is terrible. Two years ago in the plains

¹ Colonel Goudime.

during the month of December they had twenty degrees below zero at night!

One of these days the horse is coming. Besides him, I have another two horses which I got by requisition. One of them is a magnificent Irish hunter.

I have just received a telegram telling me that my father left Venice to-day, so he will be here on Wednesday. Therefore I shall go and instal myself in the city definitely on Tuesday. The whole family is returning precipitately from every corner of Europe, and my brothers are coming too, as is my son. He is serving in a Prussian cavalry regiment and is also arriving now to fight.

It seems that Montenegro wants to begin hostilities next Wednesday. If that be the case, it will probably drag us all in after her, and we are not yet ready. I am curious to see what state of mind my father will be in.

O 1 1/2 or 10 1/2, 1912

This time my letter will be a day late, as the post only leaves on the 9th. I am afraid my letters will be somewhat irregular in coming to hand in future, but I will endeavour to avoid this as far as possible.

I shall leave on Saturday morning, and shall have to arrange for a postal service, a private service, to be organized between Athens and Larissa, as ordinary correspondence is prohibited between the two towns. What can one expect! We have so much to fear from any indiscretion that might be committed with regard to the concentration of the troops and their re-grouping, it might happen that by reading a number of letters from different soldiers together, as addressed to their families, the interested parties might find in them some information which they would like

to learn. The Turkish Ministers and diplomatic attachés have spies everywhere and, unfortunately, they are still here, as hostilities have not yet commenced. You cannot imagine how angry Europe is with us and how hypocritical the Great Powers are! If only they would speak the truth! To say, for instance, that we are an annoyance to them, that they are stronger than we, and that they will use all their strength to prevent us from attending to our own affairs in our own country, because they aspire to things which, for the time being, are the property of Turkey, and that they will in no wise permit us to take possession of them!! . . . Could such utterances, sincere, perhaps brutal but honest, impose respect? No, they lack the courage of their own opinions, and so the deception goes on. For instance, they say that the bad condition of Turkey in Europe does not concern us and that it is not our business. (But bear well in mind that Turkey in Europe is inhabited by Greeks, Bulgars and Serbs, and not by Germans, Frenchmen and Englishmen.) They, the Great Powers, are going to force Turkey to introduce reforms (but do not forget that they have been promising to do this for the past thirty years, a promise which they have never kept), and, in any case, even after the war, they will uphold the integrity of the Ottoman Empire (the old and classical phrase of Diplomacy). And who is preaching this, I would ask you? . . . Austria, who, four years ago, swallowed up Bosnia and Herzegovina, two provinces which belonged to that same Empire; Italy, who is now engaged in taking possession of Tripolitania and Lybia. But when the question affects them, integrity is not considered; that was only invented for us!!

But here again I fear I am getting back to politics, it being a subject of which I am passionately fond. Now, I must relate some events of a somewhat more personal nature. We went down definitely into the town before my father arrived, as I feared he might want to keep us in the country still, which did not suit me at all, as I had an abundance of work before me. My fears were justified, for no sooner had he arrived than he asked us to go to Tatoi. You will see a description of his arrival in the papers, but I will nevertheless relate it to you. He left Venice on Sunday evening, which seems to me to have been a mistake, because, when returning after a long absence, and above all in exceptional circumstances like the present, it is preferable to arrive by day to show oneself to the public, and he must have known quite well that, by leaving Venice in the evening, he could not have arrived here before late at night. Apart from that, however, he remained two hours at Corfu, for what reason I do not know, which, with the journey across the Corinthian Canal, delayed his arrival until 9 o'clock in the evening. Unaware of all these details, I went down to Piræus in full dress at 6.30. At 7 o'clock, in the streets through which he was to pass, in the Royal Palace Square and in front of the station, there were thousands of people patiently waiting. Hardly had I entered the train, than I was informed that the King would not arrive before 8 o'clock at Piræus. What were we to do? We were all in full dress, therefore it was not worth while to go back, so we continued. At Piræus we went for a trip for an hour and a half in a steam cutter; we had ravenous appetites, and you can well imagine how annoyed we felt. I was afraid that the reception would prove a

failure and that the public would become weary of waiting so long. Finally, about 9 o'clock, the old yacht came in sight . . . and, to add to our misfortunes, when we went on board we found that they had already dined; therefore they made great fun of us. We disembarked for the first reception at Piræus. There were speeches, firework displays, bands, etc., etc. And at Athens, at the station, we found the diplomatic corps, the civil and military authorities, who had been waiting nearly two hours. Nevertheless, there was still an enormous crowd in the streets. I entered the carriage alone with the King, and we returned to the Palace at a walking pace, followed by the others in motor-cars. The crowd cheered enthusiastically. At the Palace we found the whole Court awaiting us, and while we were exchanging embraces and congratulations on the safe return, the King was obliged to show himself on the balcony. In the Square he was acclaimed by a large crowd who greeted him. The King then read a speech by the light of a candle held by my brother, which, however, only gave a bad light, and consequently rendered the reading difficult, thus interrupting the speech and making it a somewhat painful proceeding. Finally, we returned to Tatoi and dined at 11 o'clock. That is the scene of the royal progress.

The King seems to me to have returned in good spirits, more so than we dared to hope. It is true that Venizelos went to meet him at Corinth in a cruiser, and that they remained together for four hours on the yacht, thus having had time to furnish him with the latest information. I called upon him this morning, and remained with him for more than an hour. The conversation went on very well. He is likewise of

the opinion that the Government could not have acted otherwise than it did, only he does not wish war to be declared by us—and he is right, none of us wishes that. He has brought back some good tidings from Vienna. It was always feared that the Austrians would attack the Serbs, which would have put the Turks entirely on our shoulders, also the Bulgarians. However, for the time being, at least, apparently they will remain quiet. Just at present the Turks have but few troops on our front; we are much stronger than they, but they must not be allowed time to organize and gather forces which would crush us.

My brother Nicholas is ill. It is indeed unfortunate that it should happen just at this moment. He struck a vein of his left leg with his heel and set up phlebitis. He went under care to Bagnoles, but the physician stated that if he did not take great care the blood might congeal, and if this circulated in the veins it might lead to sudden and unexpected death. He is very nervous, poor fellow; he can neither walk for long nor remain standing or ride on horseback. In spite of this, he wants to accompany the Staff and follow us in a motor-car as far as possible, and then continue the journey on the back of a mule with the aid of a lady's saddle.

I forgot to tell you that yesterday I had most enthusiastic receptions each time I appeared in public. It would seem that, for the moment, I am very popular. We are always in the balance. We will see how long it will last. I shall certainly never do anything to increase my popularity, that is, nothing more than my duty, for I have a horror of publicity. Are you also not of my opinion?

I am sure the dogs will put your apartments in a

nice state of disorder. I expect your servants will not be very pleased. I hope you will be pleased to house Oporto.¹ Does he amuse you? Have you yet given him some wine to drink bearing his namesake? I do not think he is so stupid as he is reputed to be. So you consider you are a better photographer than I? Do not forget that it was I, and not you, who took the snapshots which pleased you so much that you wish to have them enlarged. I know what you will say—that you prepared the pose, etc., but I took the snap. That you cannot deny, can you?

Good-bye, my friend. Will you think of me a little in these trying times and send me your best wishes? They will bring me luck, of which I am so badly in need. My whole future, and even my life, are at stake.

October 12th, 1912.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I made an attempt to write you a letter yesterday in the train, but it was impossible, as you will observe from the opening lines of my letter. The train jolted so. Here I am at Larissa, some fifteen kilometres from the frontier. I am in the flat country which is surrounded on all sides by mountains forming the barrier separating us from Turkey, and which, by the grace of God, we shall be crossing at the end of the week. As we have gone so far, events have been precipitated to such an extent that the Minister for War believes that hostilities will begin on Friday. I wrote to you the day before yesterday, and already I have many things to tell you. My son arrived on Friday afternoon, but as there are no more through

¹ The late Duke of Oporto.

trains, owing to the military transport, he took nine hours to come from Patras. He was unable to come here with me because he had to have some field uniforms made, khaki not being yet the regulation dress when he left Greece. I left Athens on Saturday morning at 8 o'clock. There were vast crowds, in the streets and around the station, waiting to see me pass, who warmly acclaimed me. The whole of my family, the King, my brothers, my sisters-in-law, all the Ministers, the officials of the French Mission, and about fifty officers of the General Staff, came to the station. The King was in tears, which touched me very much and still does when I think of it. My mother will be very grieved not to have been here when all her sons and her grandson are leaving for the war! But events were precipitated to such an extent that she had not the time to come, and will arrive from Russia, where her brother is lying ill, only on Friday next. What suffering it caused me to leave my children! God alone knows whether I shall see them again. It has taken me thirteen hours to cover the distance up to this point, about 350 kilometres, while on other occasions I have completed the journey in eight hours, but as the line is occupied for military transport, which is well known for its slowness, and as there are twelve trains following the one upon the other day and night on the same line, we had necessarily to go at a slow pace. The whole of the line, the bridges, and tunnels, are guarded by the Territorial Reserve, old men who have served with the colours twenty-six and twenty-seven years ago. They are strange to behold, without uniforms, armed only with a gun and a bayonet, and carrying their cartridges in their belts. The nearer one approaches

the Thessalian plain the more troops one meets, and the more activity there is at the stations. Everywhere I was cheered by the public and soldiers whenever I appeared at the carriage window or alighted during the stoppages. As you see, the enthusiasm is there, providing it lasts! The train passes through some beautiful country, but sometimes the ground is exceedingly difficult. I think that there are more engineering feats here than at St. Gothard, not taking into account, of course, the tunnels.

When we have driven the Turks out of Europe, and have established the railway connections, you must do this trip in the spring; it is magnificent.

I arrived here at about 9 o'clock, and it was already dark. There was a great reception at the station, all the officials, the civil authorities, the clergy, and a company of 250 men forming a guard of honour, being present. There was an old priest who seemed to be acting rather strangely, as he held a Church taper between his fingers and was chanting "Hurrah" instead of shouting it. I at once repaired to my headquarters. We have been quartered about five kilometres from the town, in a school of agriculture, consisting of a block of buildings. Twenty-two officers, a number of soldiers and horses, motor-cars, etc. My apartment is not very enviable. I have two rooms on the first floor of a small house, where there is nothing whatever in the way of comfort—a few armchairs and a table, and nothing else. There is not the slightest vestige of carpet, and there is as much filth in the rooms as outdoors, so much so that I scarcely know where to tread: it is disgusting! Luckily, the prefect has just sent me two carpets. I have a rubber bath with me and small camp bedstead,

so that I shall be able to manage more or less. I have an under-cook who cooks for all, as I take my meals with the officers, who each pay their share according to their rank. I have just returned from breakfasting with them. It wasn't bad. It is always better when we soldiers are all together, as this tends to develop the *esprit de corps*, and it is better for the subalterns to dine with their superiors. They learn discipline and good breeding!

I do not think we shall experience any great difficulties on this front when the war begins, as, from my information, it would appear that the Turks are sending the biggest forces against the Bulgarians, who, to them, are the most dangerous enemy and the strongest numerically. However, I do not want to wait too long, but take them unawares. They are seeking to beat one of their adversaries, the most dangerous, with all their troops, in order then to be able to turn on us, but I hope that their plan will not succeed, for, even if they beat the Bulgarians, they will not have time to follow them up, and if they leave them to attack us, the Bulgarians will pursue them and attack them in the rear. Generally, the situation seems to me to be favourable to the Allies. It is a veritable Crusade of all the Christian peoples in the Balkans fighting against the infidels.

The horse which I purchased from my sister-in-law arrived from Athens this morning, but I shall have to let it rest a couple of days, as it is quite stiff in the joints, having had to travel five days standing in a small box. We have a vast amount of work to do here, and, above all, we are in need of big draught horses for the artillery, strong enough to draw guns and cases which are exceedingly heavy. Such horses are

rare, and there is much difficulty in procuring them. And while I am writing to you, they are continually coming and interrupting me and asking for orders. I have seven divisional commanders under my orders, as we are organized in divisions like the Japanese. I have done so much talking that my throat is dry, and I have taken some whisky to refresh myself! I left Athens on a splendid summer's day, but here I find it cold, with a grey and gloomy sky. I fear we shall soon have winter, not a very brilliant prospect for our operations.

Larissa,

October 14th, 1912.

MY DEAR PAOLA,

Yesterday I had not a free moment to write to you. I left at 8 o'clock in the morning in a motor-car to pay a visit to the division which is on our extreme right flank. Hardly had I sat down to write to you, when two officers came in and interrupted me. It is now midday, and note that since this morning at 9 o'clock I have been engaged on matters in connection with the service and have not been at liberty even for an hour.

The road was very bad, which is a pity, because, as it is absolutely straight, I could have covered the ground much quicker, instead of only doing sixteen kilometres in half an hour—that is not much.

I met a detachment of Territorials marching in disorder, and I halted to reprimand severely the N.C.O. who was leading them. I think that, at the commencement, it is necessary to be somewhat severe, as that will make them think, and as soon as they are convinced that I am determined to obtain iron dis-

cipline, with all permissible means, or without, kindness can then follow.

In all probability, we shall be entering Turkish territory soon, and if we have no discipline, you can well imagine what might happen in the way of devastation, violence, etc. I have already severely censured three Colonels for failure to perform their duty, and told them that if anything occurred again which incurred my displeasure I would have them sent back at once to Athens, which would have disgraced them for life. The result was gratifying: the troops behaved better, and the officers pay more attention.

I found the division well organized, and had the new machine-guns, which have just arrived and which I had not yet seen, explained to me.

Everywhere I was acclaimed by the rank and file, which goes to prove that, notwithstanding my extreme severity, I have not yet become unpopular.

From there I went by motor-car for ten kilometres across the country to a small frontier town to inspect three mountain batteries and two battalions of "chasseurs," after which I returned by another route.

On the way, I stopped again to examine a battery set up on the plain, with its subterranean habitations, and the trenches.

After lunch I went by motor-car to inspect two divisions situated more to the left towards our centre, and a bridge constructed on barrels which the engineers had thrown over the river in front of our camp.

I was told not to pass that way as it was immaterial to the Turks whether war had been declared or not, and if they saw any motor-cars pass, flying small flags and full of officers, they might fire and hit us. There-

fore we had to drive across the fields, and it is fortunate that we are on the plain and that we have had no rain, otherwise it would have been impossible.

However, on the way back, as it was already dark, I took the country road.

Five kilometres from the camp a tyre burst, and as another had burst a few minutes previously, we had no spare ones left, and had to return on foot. I covered the five kilometres in fifty minutes, which nearly exhausted my Chief of Staff, Danglis, who is short, and does not even reach up to my shoulders. I arrived at half-past seven, and only just had time to do a little gymnastic exercise before dinner.

After dinner, without taking any rest, I went and signed a number of letters, and then, with my Chief and Under-Chief of Staff, I worked on the general plan of our operations and prepared the orders to be issued.

This lasted until midnight, and when I returned to my room I still read a few newspapers. You see what a laborious day I had!

According to a telegram sent me by the Ministry, it is thought that hostilities will commence on Thursday, instead of Friday. On Sunday last the simultaneous note of the four States was sent to Turkey, and to-day we shall send an ultimatum, which will, of course, not be accepted, and thus the logical and fatal outcome will be war.

In Montenegro things seem to be going well so far, and, generally, Turkey seems to me to be fishing in troubled waters.

They wire us from Constantinople that the Turks intend to withdraw, and to fight only before the capital on fortifications which had been prepared a long time

since, and there to await reinforcements which ought to be arriving from Asia Minor.

It does not seem to be good strategy to yield an enormous part of the country to the enemy; if they did this, there would not remain much of Turkey in Europe. What I like in all this business is the consternation of the Great Powers, who have completely lost their heads, and are at a loss to know how to stop the ball which has been set rolling through their fault. They are seeking—although, in my opinion, they will not find it—the only means to prevent war, namely, to bring pressure to bear on Turkey to such an extent as to force her to introduce the reforms we require in Macedonia, and then, if we insisted on war, we should be absolutely in the wrong and morally compelled to disarm. The Great Powers, however, are unable to come to any decision or agreement among themselves, owing to the different questions of a commercial and financial nature which render them hostile to each other.

Fortunately for us, it would seem that the peace negotiations between Italy and Turkey have been broken off, and if the Italians, as they say, attempt to land in the Dardanelles, that will engage more Turkish troops in those parts, and will mean so many less to be sent against us. What grieves me very much is that every day I am being sent farther away, and that letters will therefore take still longer to reach me. The railway line goes as far as the frontier, where it suddenly stops; from that point the postal service will have to be carried on by means of vans and carts.

Yesterday a very regrettable accident took place. A military train telescoped another by crashing into the back of it after nightfall. One soldier was killed,

and two artillery captains seriously injured, as well as many others. What a misfortune!

Larissa,

October 15th (Evening).

It is already about 7 o'clock, and I have not yet been able to sit down to write to you. This morning I woke up with a very bad headache, so took a little rest in the afternoon. To-day I had arranged for the commanders of my divisions and the cavalry divisions to see me, to give them orders in case hostilities commenced the day after to-morrow, and it was interesting to see them arriving from every direction in motor-cars and on horseback. There were seven divisional commanders, the General commanding the cavalry and the Chief of Staff; thus there were seven Generals, as some divisions are commanded by Colonels. I do not think such an assembly has ever before been seen in Greece.

I had my orders read out to them, that they might know exactly my wishes, as, if war begins on Thursday morning at 6 o'clock, as is believed, the seven divisions will have to attack simultaneously, and I am not sure of the telegraph, which does not always work well, and some of the stations are at some distance from Larissa. Thus they will have time to draw up their orders for the troops. I think I am taking you through a course of strategy, but I am endeavouring to make it as clear as possible without too many details. My son and the horses will be arriving in time to-morrow evening. My new horse has hurt his shoulder, and I shall have to let him rest for a day or two at Athens before he sets out on his arduous task. What a pity it is we cannot have another week

before beginning operations! We should be very much better prepared then.

All the preparations that I made myself when I was Supreme Commander are going perfectly well; I do not say it boastingly, but then I did not have time to finish everything.

I am pleased you liked the caviare I sent you; as a rule foreigners detest it: it is true that I only gave it to Northerners to taste, while you, like myself, are a Southerner, and we have more or less the same tastes, have we not?

The first two or three days following my arrival here it was very cold, and the sky was grey and overcast. Now the weather is brighter, and so are my spirits. The scenery here is very pleasant. It is an extensive plain, peaceful and charming, and so restful after the interminable mountains. I can see Olympus distinctly, the legendary mountain where the gods of antiquity resided and where Greek civilization held its meetings. I believe it is 3,000 metres high. The mountains surround the plain in a semi-circle, and form an extensive and secluded retreat where there are only three openings, which from here look like three doorways. Farther on still, there appear the snow-clad summits of Macedonia. There is a river running through the first valley over which the Engineers are engaged in throwing bridges for the troops to cross.

In Thessaly there is a race of greyhounds, a species of borzoi, large and grey, with long hair. They are rather fine animals, and I believe that if they were attended to a few good specimens could be obtained from them.

Farewell, my dear friend.

*Larissa,**October 17th, 1912.*

I have this morning received your letters of the 8th and 9th, together with the parcel of photographs. You do not know what pleasure you have given me by sending me these. Your camera is indeed an excellent one. The views of the hills and woods are very good, and the enlargements are magnificent. I have given Levidis one of those where we are together, and he is very pleased with it. If everything goes well and we are successful, I shall say you are right, and it would then be a joy and a triumph for me, and also a joy for you, I hope. Will it not? Pray for me. Now do not forget, as I feel sure that your prayers will assist me in the difficult times to come.

I have signed the first order for the military operations, the order to attack to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock, and I confess that I did not sign it without emotion, but was very much inclined to shed tears, probably owing to the feeling of the grave responsibility which rested on me and of the inscrutable destiny awaiting us. But this will pass over, since I am usually calm. A gentleman who arrived from Athens to pay me his respects was surprised to find me less agitated than he . . . but I have the firm will to conquer, and if I can succeed in inspiring the troops with the same feeling, everything will be for the best. According to military history, given troops of equal valour, the General who is unaware that he is beaten remains the conqueror. I have no idea as to how long this war may last, but I saw an officer to-day who had returned from Bulgaria, and he told me that there they believe it will last two months.

We have dismissed all the newspaper corresp

dents; they are a veritable plague, and betray quite a number of things that should remain secret. We have not given them permission to come here, nor even to the military attachés of the various foreign Powers. You will be interested, perhaps, to learn that General Garibaldi has asked permission to come here with a corps of his "Red Shirts." I know these "Red Shirts" very well, as I already had them with me during my last campaign; they fight well, and are courageous. It has done me good to have written to you and given vent to my feelings; I am now perfectly calm; it is curious how these attacks of weakness come over me suddenly, I, who to-morrow will be a warrior; it is stupid, is it not? You do not say very much in your letters as to what you are doing in Paris. Do you then think that I have lost interest in society because I am going to war? Do you often see Oporto? Do they speak to you about me? If you would be good enough to tell me all this, it would be a diversion and a distraction for me among so many serious matters.

Yesterday the Mufti, the religious head of the Turks here, came to greet me; he is an old man, wearing a white turban, and came to beg of me to take measures to prevent his co-religionists from being molested. I reassured him I would do so, and he departed satisfied. He had with him a Hebrew interpreter, dressed in a frock-coat and wearing white gloves, and whose name is Abraham.

You know that we have only possessed Thessaly for about thirty years, consequently the Turks there are *fairly numerous*. At Larissa there are still some minarets in the distance, and it is only during the last few years that the city has begun to lose its Turkish

aspect. Yesterday I went to meet a few regiments that were arriving, among them one from Corfu. They consisted of about 3,400 men, who at that time were arriving in camp after a thirty-kilometres march. The sun was setting: it was beginning to get dusk. As I arrived I could see in the distance the small tents arranged on the plain, which gave the encampment the appearance of a gipsy settlement; the enormous fires lighted in front of the tents put me in mind of the military paintings, picturesque and wild at the same time. The soldiers pressed around me in such numbers that I had to halt before arriving at the camp, and I was touched and pleased on noticing how magnificent they looked, by no means tired after their long march; I walked among them for a time.

Before this one, I had inspected another battalion, with which I was not so pleased. They had scarcely broken the ranks and were beginning to pitch their tents. I gave orders for them to fall in and dress, and put their bags and arms in order, and severely reprimanded the officers. After that, I hope that things will go better in future.

It is now 10 o'clock, and I shall have to retire, as to-morrow morning I shall have to rise at 5 o'clock. To-morrow evening I shall be sleeping in a village close to the frontier, but after having crossed it, I hope, although the General Headquarters have to remain behind the troops. Good-night, my dear friend. Pray to God to help us and to be kind to us.

Tirnovu,

October 18th, 1912.

It is now 7 o'clock, and I have been active since 5 o'clock this morning. The first day has finished

well, thank God, if it only will continue thus. When I left it was not yet very clear, owing to a slight fog, and it was terribly cold. I went straight to the frontier, to a spot which I had indicated to my Divisions as a centre from which they might send me their reports as to how they were advancing. The frontier was crossed over the whole line without any great resistance having been encountered; from time to time gun-shots were heard. One division that was crossing the frontier on the mountain, just in front of us, were shouting hurrahs with all their might, to which there seemed no end. A Turkish outpost was surprised, with a garrison of about ten men, who had no means of escape, but nevertheless they would not surrender to an entire regiment. Brave soldiers! They wanted to blow them up with dynamite, but I prevented that, and now they are being besieged by a few of our men; they will surrender when their provisions run out or will lose their lives in attempting some sortie. At the present moment six of my divisions are on Turkish soil, two of which have penetrated to a distance of thirty kilometres.

I have just returned after having made a tour on horseback for three and a half hours in the enemy territory. I passed down one mountain, the Turkish side of which is such difficult ground that more than once I thought I should have to dismount, but nothing untoward happened.

I have inspected several regiments among indescribable enthusiasm; the spirit is really magnificent, and these are men who have already marched for thirteen hours; I feel so touched by this that I am constantly wanting to shed tears. I returned here via one of those mountain passes which I have already

mentioned to you, following the dry bed of a river which is only full in winter, when it carries all before it. It finds its way out again on to the plain through a gap at the spot where the mountain suddenly ends, and falls vertically on to the plain. There was a Turkish Custom House here, a rather large building, to which some drunken idiot, who had concealed himself, had set fire, as flames were bursting through all the windows. It was already night, and one could see nothing but the flames, while the columns of our troops passed by, giving out shouts of joy on meeting me. It was impressive. To-morrow I shall have another long journey to make. I shall again pass the frontier, crossing another mountain, but in a motor-car, as there is an excellent road fit for vehicular traffic, and from there I shall go on horseback to take up quarters at Ellasona, a small town which has always been the General Headquarters of the Turks on our frontier. I do not yet know whether we have any losses or wounded, nor how many. Good-bye, my dear friend, "don't be sad."

Ellasona,

October 21st, 1912.

As you can see, we have made considerable progress since writing my last letter. We have conquered that part of Thessaly which still belonged to the Turks, and so far God has bestowed His blessing on our arms.

I sent you my letter on Saturday, leaving Tirnovo, where I passed the night, in order to advance with the army. I write to you as often as possible, but you will understand that if my letters do not come to hand regularly it is because there is no post here, and

we have to organize it as we advance. Also the telegraph has only just been installed, and I at once availed myself of it to send you a wire. So I have passed the frontier over the mountain, where, this time, when descending, I had to lead the horse by the bridle because there was no road, and it was drizzling with rain, which made the stones very slippery.

After passing along an incredibly bad road I arrived, at half-past ten, at the opening of the Turkish plain, where I directed three divisions which were to meet in a combined movement against the Turks, who were camped on the mountain opposite. On the way I came across numbers of prisoners, as there had been fighting in the neighbourhood throughout the night, and I saw one of their men being carried along on a stretcher, who had received five bullets in his body and was eating some bread and smoking. I think the Turks have less nerve than we. I also saw a dead negro, who was not more than eighteen years old. My luggage had not yet arrived, and could not pass, because the only road fit for wheeled traffic over the mountain was so congested by munition convoys that there was no room for anything else. That night, therefore, I slept on the ground, and (excuse my mentioning such a detail) it was forty-eight hours before I washed.

It was by no means pleasant, and into the bargain I was soaked with rain, and have caught such a cold that I cough enough to break the window-panes. The following day was a day of rest, and I attended Mass in order to appear in public, after which I visited those who fell the previous day. We have to-day set out on the march again, and I have taken up my quarters here.

Fortunately, the weather has been splendid the whole day. To-morrow the troops will probably be fighting a new battle, and I have been out inspecting the outposts and studying the enemy positions. I have advanced the divisions considerably, with a formidable artillery consisting of twenty-four batteries, C.A.D. and ninety-six cannon against one hundred and sixty, which the Turks are supposed to possess, and I hope that will be sufficient to crumple them up. Now I imagine you have heard enough of war strategy, and I will come to a more personal matter.

I am very sorry to hear that you consider I do not write often. I am now writing you at once after a very fatiguing day and on the eve of a decisive battle. Is this not a proof of devotion, above all on my part, who am known to be a very bad correspondent?

These Turks are not very good-looking; they have brutal-looking faces, especially those from Asia Minor. I have arrived at the position of which I was speaking, with the Second Division, which was descending the mountain, and it at once commenced to spread out. At the same time, on the right, one could see the First Division descending, looking like an enormously long snake winding in and out the mountain paths. As soon as we entered the plain the Turks opened artillery fire on us; our batteries advanced at the gallop on the plain under enemy fire and replied brilliantly. I may not myself be under fire, but when one sees shells burst in the sky and bullets rain on the earth, raising clouds of dust, the idea that that smoke and noise is disseminating death among people who belong to us and who are dear to one's heart, gives one a feeling that is quite unbearable; one has the feeling that one wants to rush forward and take

part in the action, which on ordinary occasions those in command are absolutely forbidden to do, as they would lose hold of the whole. I noticed the same emotion on the faces of the officers around me; my son turned red and pale, and the perspiration ran down his face. The infantry advanced at the run, and the plain was soon covered with artillery, who were continually at the gallop as at manœuvres, or hidden by the smoke from the shells which were bursting around in the meantime. It was their speed that saved them from considerable losses, as fortunately in this way the Turkish artillery shot too far; we also had the consolation of seeing the shells envelop the Turkish position in smoke. At last, after five hours, the firing ceased in front of Ellasona, and we heard it gradually die away in the mountains behind the town. We had beaten the enemy in our first battle, and offered thanks to God. My son is beginning his military career with better fortune than I. I am proud to find that my efforts during my command in times of peace have borne good fruit, and that the army of to-day is not to be compared with that of 1897. As soon as the firing ceased, I went and took up my quarters in a small town before this one, which is a Turkish town, while the other is purely Greek. I could not this time withhold my tears; the troops who were already at the camp, the population, the clergy, preceded by the bishop, were shouting out and raving like madmen. The people kissed my hands and boots. When you think what it means to be liberated from the yoke which had weighed on them for almost five hundred years, and of all the fears and torment which they were obliged to suffer, I think there is indeed cause for emotion, especially

when one arrives direct from the battlefield after having routed the oppressors.

You do not know how much good your letters do me, and I am extremely obliged to you for them. It is true that I am undergoing hardships, but you would be amused to see how I am quartered. Here, for instance, I have a house where, on the ground floor, they sell drugs, and on the top floor there are two rooms with a single entrance. I occupy one, and my orderly the other. There was a Turkish doctor here, who succeeded in getting away, and over my head I have a portrait of three Sultaneses and a number of Turkish officers. In the way of furniture, there are three armchairs and a Turkish divan as hard as the pavement. Fortunately I have my camp-bedstead with me, which is not large, but nevertheless it is a bed. In front of my window there is a kind of square where all the artillery waggons and horses are gathered together. I see convoys of prisoners constantly passing by who have been captured in different parts round about. The Turks must be somewhat demoralized. To-day, during my inspection, I came across some artillery waggons lying in a ditch by the side of the road, with shells scattered everywhere, tents, provisions, uniforms, cartridges, and even cauldrons full of food which they had begun to cook and had abandoned. It is promising, is it not?

Kotzani,

October 27th, 1912.

MY DEAR PAOLA,

The God of Battles has blessed us, and has bestowed victory on our arms. *I am profoundly and humbly grateful to Him.* The whole thing seems to

me a dream, a marvellous dream. In nine days we have advanced more than 190 kilometres into the enemy territory, won two battles, put all the field artillery of the enemy out of action, taken innumerable prisoners, and, generally, routed and demoralized the Turkish army, which was formerly so confident that it believed it could conquer the armies of the four Allied States. I am writing you from a place the name of which you have probably never heard before, and which you may be able to find on a map. We are on the direct road to Salonika.

So many things have happened since writing my last letter that I am at a loss to know where to take up my narration.

I left Ellasona early in the morning by motor-car when it was still dark, and travelled up to the encampment of the Second Division, where the horses were stationed.

The Turks occupied a very strong position at the foot of the mountain, with a narrow passage in their rear. They were situated at a greater height than we, so that they dominated our position and were able to follow closely all our movements on the plain. There were about three divisions of them, with an artillery regiment and about eighty cannon. I attacked them with a division on the left, one on the right, and one in the centre, and with a detachment of two battalions which was to attack on their left flank. Further, I had ordered a division to cross the very difficult mountain paths, with instructions to surround the position and, if possible, take them in the rear.

My plan proved quite successful—the battle opened at 8 o'clock in the morning, and finished at night.

The infantry had attacked with marvellous dash

and valour ; six regiments in the first line were subjected to heavy fire from machine-guns, which, however, did not stop them a moment.

Unfortunately, they were not well supported by the artillery, who put their shells too far, and consequently they suffered much under the enemy fire.

I shouted, cursed, and finally, in the afternoon, our artillery reduced the distance to 2,500 metres, when the aspect of things changed. The Turkish artillery flagged, and their fire almost ceased. The enemy batteries were covered by black smoke from our shells, which burst over their positions, which had the appearance of a volcano. It was evident that they were suffering badly. The following day we had proof of it, for we found heaps of corpses, and the batteries were covered with lacerated limbs dripping in blood. It is horrible, but war is not poetical. The infantry had approached to within 800 metres of the enemy, and when they went down at nightfall the battle had ceased, but suddenly the Turkish artillery renewed it, and commenced firing wildly all over the battlefield, and also on the new position which I was forming on the hill with the Staff. They had recognized us by my standard, set up behind me, which was fluttering in the wind. I gave orders for the troops to remain in their positions, which, to the enemy, meant that I intended to resume on the morrow and that I was determined to conquer. This time I felt I had the strongest will and nerve, as we had also suffered terribly, but I was victorious. We had more than 1,500 wounded, without counting the dead. I spent the night in a church in a miserable little village twenty kilometres behind the fighting. We slaughtered a pig, which we had roasted, for we

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and the emotion was such that I could scarcely utter a word. In the plain, covered with corpses—seeing that the Turks had not buried all their dead from the previous day—I met the commander of the division, who had carried out my orders so well. I embraced him, and we remained with our hands clasped, the tears streaming down our cheeks.

On entering, later on, the town of Servia, I passed by the corpses of the Christians whom the Turks had assassinated the preceding day—there were seventeen of them, among whom were five prelates. You see what monsters they are. I felt so indignant that the idea flashed through my mind to have some of the prisoners shot, but on second thought I decided it was better to show the difference between civilized man and the barbarous hordes from Asia.

I spent one day and two nights at Servia, and at last succeeded in getting a wash and a change after a three days' march.

I do not believe that any army has ever made such a rapid advance, and that is what produced confusion among the Turks.

Servia is a town of about 15,000 inhabitants, all Greeks, who were delirious in their enthusiasm over their liberation after having been five hundred years under the foreign yoke. I am lodged in the palace of the Archbishop, and shall be leaving to-morrow morning, after having spent two nights in a clean bed. I think we shall have another encounter to-day, as our enemies, whom we routed, will endeavour to re-form their ranks and worry us during the passage over the mountains, but I expect we shall make short work of them. The King arrived yesterday, and again there was great excitement.

You will not take it amiss if I do not write to you for a day or so, will you? I have so much to do, being continually on the move, and most of the time I have not even the necessary materials with me. Your letter, received in Servia, gave me the greatest pleasure, and I feel so very grateful to you for the interest you take in my welfare. I learn from Paris that there they hate us, as they accuse us of being the cause of the disastrous crisis on 'Change.

Ferria,

October 29th, 1912.

MY DEAR PAOLA,

Two days only have elapsed since my last letter, but to-day I reached camp a little earlier, and am taking the opportunity to write to you. The Turks continue to flee before us as if they were pursued by the devil. . . .

Thus, I set out early on a march which was also very soon ended. My last letter was written in such feverish haste, having had to hurry with it in order to be able to hand it to a General who had been recalled to town, and who was leaving the following day, for posting, that I must ask you to excuse me if it was badly written. It was to be posted at Athens. I thought I should have remained, on the arrival of the King at Kotzani. I dined with him, my brothers and their field-adjutants, and at once came back to finish the letter to you, which I also continued the following morning. I left at 9 o'clock in the motor-car, but my divisions had already been on the march since 6 o'clock in the morning. I travelled about twenty kilometres by motor-car, and the remainder on horseback, as the road winds up among very high

mountains, and descends in the same manner, a very difficult passage, so much so that if the Turks had had the courage to remain there, they could have inflicted very considerable losses on us, and would have forced us to take several days.

The pass is almost twenty kilometres in length, and is so narrow that it would have been impossible to put our artillery there.

From my information, the Turks had strengthened their positions, and I confess I was rather anxious, as I was relying solely on their being demoralized. My tactics were similar to the first, namely, two divisions attacking direct, one division on the left, one on the right, among the mountain paths, which were very tiresome, at a height of more than 1,500 metres. We had to surround them, as on the first occasion, but the manœuvre was unnecessary; at the first shots from the guns of our artillery, which were firing from the road itself, the enemy vanished, leaving their munitions behind. We saw them fleeing in disorder, like a flock of frightened sheep. I do not know what seized them.

I went up on horseback to a height of 1,000 metres, in splendid weather, and with a magnificent panorama: the hollow of the valley was so vast and deep that it faded away in the horizon. The air was so transparent that it looked like glistening tinsel, and around was calm and peaceful, with the majestic mountains on our right like a chain of fortresses, which we had to ascend and descend as we passed from valley to valley.

I am now in the sixth plain from the beginning of the war, and I think that at last we are approaching the end before entering on the Salonika plain. You

should look for these places on a topographical map. At sunset it began to get terribly cold there, with a clear sky and a marvellous moon. As there is not the slightest shelter there, I had to come down to a little village at the foot of the ascent.

There are many kinds of these Turkish villages, and it is rather dangerous to enter them. For that reason, and as it was dark, I arranged for a company of infantry to guard us, and walked about with my hand on my revolver. Again I have had to sleep on the ground, without undressing, with nothing more to eat and drink than a little bread and a little water with a few drops of brandy. I set out again on horseback at 6 o'clock in the morning. I went up again, and as the troops were advancing without encountering any very serious resistance, we arrived here at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, where the people were delirious with joy and enthusiasm. This is a small town of 15,000 inhabitants, Greek and Turkish, who, by way of exception, remained behind, and I have gone to much trouble to ensure nothing untoward happening to them.

The Turks of note came forward at once to greet me, as also did their Archbishop, the "Mufti." I shook hands with all.

To-morrow morning there will be a "Te Deum," arranged by the Archbishop, at the cathedral. For the past few days the war has been transformed into a feat of endurance, for my troops and horses are now exhausted.

At every moment we come across horses lying dead from fatigue by the roadside, but there is no help for it.

We must go forward; we must keep at their heels;

it is the feeling that we are constantly following them up and determined to destroy them that has created this disorder amongst the Turks and made them realise that we shall keep advancing until the last of us drops dead with fatigue. The descriptions given by the inhabitants who saw them pass are pitiful; they almost grieve me; but war is a brutal business. They drag their wounded along with them, without means of assisting them. We have taken everything from them, even the baggage belonging to the Commander-in-Chief. It is said that they are re-forming about twenty kilometres farther on.

The landscape is splendid, smiling with numerous water-courses, although the soil is scarcely cultivated. How could it possibly be fertile and rich after remaining so many years under the Turkish dominion! As I pass over these districts, it seems to me a dream, when I think that they have been conquered by our sword. I had so often longed for the revenge of the Greek nation on the old enemy, the Turks, and I am truly grateful to God that it was given to me to carry out this revenge, which I should never have dared to hope would have been so terrible and crushing. I am billeted in a new house, a small one, where I have found a few armchairs and a table. Fortunately, my baggage has arrived, so that I shall be able to wash and change, for this business makes me sick.

We are advancing so rapidly that it is almost impossible to follow up with the baggage.

Morally, I am not in a very enviable position, added to which there is the excitement, which has a very disturbing effect on me. To-morrow is the last day of October, and I am becoming still more nervous. It is torture to be so far away without any postal or

telegraphic communication, although this want will, I hope, be supplied directly we conquer some town forming the Turkish telegraphic centre in Macedonia. We must be patient and wait.

Since yesterday evening I have had good news. The Seventh Division, which I had sent over the mountains with orders to gain the sea-coast, to the east of our theatre of war, has succeeded in taking a small town on the Turkish coast, and is now advancing in the direction of Salonika, so that it will attack the enemy on the flank, while I purpose attacking them in the front. Unfortunately the losses in officers are rather serious.

I consider that, so far, my strategy has proved splendid, although I say it myself. Moreover, the fugitive Turks confessed it themselves to the inhabitants, who repeated it. Well, that is what one would expect, for we are surrounded by them on every side, and it is gratifying to hear such a confession from the enemy. I am the recipient of congratulations from every corner of the globe. Yesterday I received a telegram from the Duc de Luynes. They all wire me from Paris in very flattering terms, although, as a matter of fact, many of them are hostile to us on account of the losses sustained by them on 'Change. Apparently, General Garibaldi is not coming.

We are within two days' journey from Salonika, a most important city of 50,000 inhabitants, which many countries covet—Austria in particular.

It is said that the fleets of the Great Powers are already there. I feel rather annoyed at that. If they forbade me to take possession of the town I should not heed them, but go ahead, but if they already occupied it with their marine force, that would prevent

my entry, because we could not fight the Powers, who would crush us with their navies. This would be such a revolting injustice that I am wondering what would happen in the event of my troops becoming disappointed. Discontent is already manifesting itself amongst them, as they are insufficiently fed and have not enough sleep. This morning I went to visit the encampment of a division where complaints had been heard; I walked amongst the soldiers, talked to them, made them laugh, and they finished up by overwhelming me with tears.

That is an excellent method, as serviceable as first-class war material. I said to the soldiers, "There's Salonika in front of you. If you want to have a good feed, go and take it!", and that put them in good spirits.

This morning we had a solemn "Te Deum." The Archbishop delivered an oration, and then I received the Greek and Turkish notabilities, a few of whom talk French. The weather is splendid, a real St. Martin's summer, only it begins to freeze at night.

Do you not now think that I am giving you sufficient details, especially about scientific warfare? I found this paper at the Archbishop's at Kotzani, where I was billeted, and took it away with me. Unfortunately, I have only one sheet of it left. Do you not think my recent letters long enough?

Last night I was able to sleep for eight hours on a spring bed. I also slept for an hour in the afternoon, and am still sleepy; I have such a sinking feeling, although I ate a very good breakfast, but I think that after one has fasted for three or four days the stomach contracts and one eats less. One thing is quite certain, that I did not know whether I was

hungry or not. My appetite returned when I began to eat again, and then it was terrible.

Nearly all my horses have died, especially after yesterday's march. I remained in the saddle from 6 o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon, going at a slow pace, as I had to follow the troops, and nothing tires horses so much as having to cover long distances at a slow pace, and when I dismount to await or receive reports they remain there saddled. Yesterday also they remained thus from 6 o'clock in the morning till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. My poor animals!

I do not know when it will be possible for this letter to leave, but I am writing a page from time to time, and maybe I shall be able to fill another before dispatching it. We continue to take prisoners. Some we find in the houses, wearing civilian clothes over their uniforms, and Turkish ladies' trousers. This morning we found an officer shut up in a granary. That will tell you their state of mind.

Verria,

October 31st, 1912.

MY DEAR PAOLA,

We arrived here by train. It is a provincial line connecting Monastir with Salonika. The first name is probably unknown to you; it is at Salonika that it is connected with the international line. The Turks have fled in such haste that they have abandoned to us a quantity of waggons and locomotives. Generally, they are very kind to us, and after the war is over I shall have to send them a letter of thanks. They had just built, and hardly finished, a magnificent bridge over a river, which we crossed. At Kotzani

we found the Governor's palace, barracks, a hospital, all brand new, which seemed to have been built specially for us.

They only destroyed one bridge to prevent our passing, over a mountain roadway, and even that they did not blow up properly, so that we got across all the same.

In all the towns and villages we are gathering arms and ammunition in thousands. Many are the horrors which take place. That is the result of warfare, but I prefer not to put them on paper, but to relate them to you when we next meet.

To-day, in the afternoon, I left Verriá, after having spent a day and a night in a good bed, to accompany the army, which continues to advance. I came here by train (what civilization at last!), and shall sleep to-night in the station of a town which is entirely Greek, and called Niaousta. The Europeans call it Agosta. There are three rooms on the first floor of the station building—my brothers sleep in one and my son in the other; we take our meals in the third—a few officers sleep in the waiting-room, the others in the carriages, and the escort, orderlies, etc., in the goods depots. The station-master seems to have had a good bed, and I put the sheets on it in order to give mine to my brother, who had none. The town is seven kilometres distant, but many inhabitants come to greet us and kiss my hand in tears. It is very touching. I went as far as the town by motor-car, while it was yet light, in order to show myself to the inhabitants, who were enraptured, and they had reason to be. . . . In Europe they do not altogether realize the sufferings inflicted by these vile Turks on the Christian population—after that so-called Young Turk

Europe, in its ignorance,
 appening here in Mace-
 the interior of China, and
 ody would believe us. I
 happen after the war.

mi d that nobody should
 am anxious to see whether
 ers will have the audacity
 to return to these parts,
 by our arms, and where
 And even if they wanted
 who could manage troops
 ufficient numbers? The
 has indeed changed, and
 orical moments.

ring you with this long
 , I am consoled by the
 have occasion to speak of
 ou will be able to do so
 facts and be able to pass

Verria,

November 3rd, 1912.

more important than all
 'give victory. Fortune is
 e to express my gratitude
 to me but a dream, to
 destined to vindicate the
 'ch the Turks have been
 on the nation which I
 e outrages in blood, for
 ve done; their corpses
 e of several kilometres;

the ground is scattered with fragments of their material, it is no exaggeration.

I left Niaousta this morning at 8 o'clock, after writing to you, and have travelled an hour's journey by train, covering a further thirty kilometres also on horseback, in order to be near the centre of the army, which was advancing in divisions and parallel columns. I had been riding for about half an hour when I heard the report of guns. I started to trot for about fifty minutes (which very much tried my Staff), and about half-past eleven I arrived within sufficient distance to realize that a great battle was about to commence. I approached a little nearer in order to command a view of the whole battlefield, and dismounted.

The Turkish front was long, and their artillery was firing very heavily on our column heads. My orders to march in parallel form had already been given, so that nothing much remained for me to do; the envelopment of the position could be clearly discerned. The battle began at 9 o'clock in the morning, and only ceased towards the evening when it began to grow dark, but the issue remained uncertain. We had gained a little ground, but only the enemy's right wing had been thrown back. The firing was terrible and the shells were bursting and raining down like hail, while more than a hundred cannon thundered simultaneously; and among all what was most characteristic was the noise of the machine-guns, which sounded like hammer-blows repeated in rapid succession.

I spent the first part of the night in the ditch alongside the road; later on, my baggage having come up, we had four tents pitched, and slept on the

ground, packed like sardines in a box. I slept with my son and my three brothers, and the old orderly into the bargain, whom I look after as far as possible, as he is sixty-five years of age, and I should not like him to get inflammation of the lungs.

It has been raining in torrents the whole night; the water found its way under the tent and drenched everything, and the thought of my poor troops who were sleeping on the battlefield quite near the enemy lines, of the wounded scattered about everywhere and drenched with rain, prevented me from sleeping. I got up at 5 o'clock, and walked up and down waiting for daybreak, in an icy-cold mist and a horrible drizzle. The day had hardly dawned when the battle began again more violently than ever, but I felt already sure of victory, as the enemy artillery fire was becoming very much weaker.

At half-past ten the action was finished; the enemy had disappeared suddenly, as if by magic, leaving behind fourteen cannon, four machine-guns and an enormous number of prisoners, dead, and wounded strewn about.

As the town which they were defending had been taken by assault, you can imagine what followed, or rather, no, you cannot imagine it, neither will I describe it to you. . . . It is too horrible!

I sent a division to follow them up, and once more the enemy found themselves caught between this division and another division of mine, which surrounded them and completely routed them.

Unless they have any reinforcements within the next two days I shall be in Salonika, the capital of Macedonia, but I shall have to cross two rivers, which is always a difficult task.

During the battle I had four divisions in the first line and one reserve, which makes approximately 40,000 infantrymen, and about sixty cannon. The Turks have about 30,000 men, and, I believe, thirty cannon. Thus, you see, we are now gathering the fruits of a great battle, fought and won.

The Turkish and Greek inhabitants are, and rightly so, terrified, as the artillery has wrought enormous havoc, and the Turkish soldiers who were routed are sacking and firing the villages in the neighbourhood and massacring the Christians. The war is again beginning to assume a wild character.

We were compelled to set fire to a Turkish town and two villages, and to shoot some peasants, because they fired on us and on the troops and ambulance waggons transporting our wounded.

This morning I made a trip round the battlefield. It is horrible to contemplate!

I had only just met the chaplain of one of the divisions, when we noticed the bodies of two of our officers lying in a ditch. We all stood around, bare-headed, and deeply affected; we said a few prayers, and secretly I wept.

Farther along there was a Turkish cemetery, where the enemy had put up a stiff fight, which was literally covered with dead and in a shocking state.

I think it will be better to change the subject.

This morning, on the battlefield, just before all was over, I received your letter dated the 20th, and it afforded me immense pleasure. You have no idea how encouraging it is in these painful circumstances to have the certainty that somebody far away is thinking of me, and what gave me still greater pleasure was your telegram, which reached me at the same

time. I am so grateful to you for the interest you take in my welfare.

You can now shout "Hurrah" again; everything is going well and will, I trust, continue so; to this end we are doing our utmost, but I do not see how the war can last much longer. The Turks have lost almost the whole of their empire in Europe, and what will they do then?

Verria,

November 6th, 1912.

The day before yesterday I had suddenly to break off, because there were so many people asking for me, and I can only write to you during the intervals when I am left alone, so I do not know when I shall be able to send you this letter, as I am in the darkness of civilization. We are approaching nearer and nearer to Salonika, which is an international city where the Lloyds put into port, whence I shall at last be able to dispatch this packet. I have measured the twelve large pages that I have written, and they are equal to fifty-three pages of ordinary letter paper. It is enormous! What do you think of it? And now I will resume my diary.

Yesterday at 7 o'clock I left Yenidje, the town where the last battle was fought, in order to follow the army, which had camped on the banks of the Vardar, a large river which we shall have to cross in order to reach Salonika. I was in a motor-car; the weather was splendid but sharp. The cold is terrible on these wide plains, which must be likened to the vast prairies in America. I have had to cross the town, which presented the horrible appearance of a place taken by assault. Everywhere ruins, houses in

flames, furniture, feminine wearing apparel, mattresses, bedding—all is strewn about the streets; farther on, five women's corpses, and one of a boy. I was told that they had been killed by the Turks during the panic and the flight, as the first of our soldiers to arrive there found them.

I had hoped to be able to cross the river without delay, in order not to allow the Turks time to rest, but I have been here for two days, and we have not yet succeeded in crossing. I was afraid that we should be under enemy fire on the way, but I had been informed that the Turks had evacuated their positions on the opposite bank, that they had blown up all the bridges here, and it would have been most difficult to build others under fire. However, for two days we have been engaged in constructing three in peace: one for the railway is 365 metres long, and happily it has not suffered too much damage, and my troops will be able to be on the other side to-morrow morning before daybreak. The Turks are occupying a position near the town; they number about 20,000, so that there will be another battle to-morrow.

Once again I am quartered at a railway station; it is named Kerdjarlar; it is a pretty name, but it is the filthiest place I have ever seen in my life. In the whole of the house there are only two armchairs, one of which I have taken; in the rooms in which we are living, upstairs, they gathered up the bugs in a corner with a broom, just as one might sweep up peas, in incredible quantities.

For these delectable little insects the cold weather is to be preferred, as they become numbed and bite less. However, they very rarely bite me; apparently they don't like the flavour of my blood. The station-

master who inhabited this lovely hermitage had fled; he was a German, who evidently loved the Turks too much to wait for us.

Yesterday the King came to see us for a moment. He was in the seventh heaven of delight, and said that he had never hoped for, or even dreamt of, such a revenge being wreaked on these dirty Turks.

It is said that they are asking the Powers to negotiate an armistice. I trust that if they propose anything of this nature it will not be accepted. In any event, if they proposed it to me, I should say that I am not entitled to agree to it until I have conferred with our Allies. Do you think I am too exacting? Since yesterday we have had with us a Serbian colonel, an ex-Minister of War, an old pessimist; I must look after him; he dines with us, much to the regret of everybody. Moreover, we do not pay much attention to him, and rarely speak to him; he keeps to his room nearly all day, and very rarely is he seen. He has brought nothing with him, not even a blanket or a toothbrush, and all his luggage consists of is a pocket-mirror. He said that he supposed he would find everything at the big General Headquarters—a stupid idea of his! We dine on the lid of a packing-case, seated on ammunition boxes. I asked him whether his King lived like us; he laughed and said that he certainly dined better. This is probably the reason why the Serbian army goes so slowly. There is no question that none of the Allied armies has shown so much energy and moved with such speed as ours. We have obtained this result at the cost of much hardship and fatigue, hardship and fatigue that I have shared with my troops, but what a reward! And just look at the map and see what distance we

have covered, although it will not even give you an idea of the terrible difficulties we have surmounted. I am indeed proud of my army! Of course, it is not beautiful to look at, but that is not to be wondered at when you think that we have been trudging through the mire for more than three weeks. I am very anxious to get to Salonika to give them a little rest, although I fear it cannot be for very long. The district might have been a gold-mine if it had been under any other régime but the Turkish; it is an immense open plain with extremely fertile soil, and is watered by a thousand or more streams, and if we can keep it we shall have made a magnificent conquest. Now I must go to dinner, and who knows where I shall be to-morrow? But I hope to finish this letter at Salonika after a successful fight. Just think of it, to take Salonika, the capital of Macedonia, and after a three weeks' campaign! That's fine, isn't it? Good-night, my dear friend.

*Salonika,
November 11th, 1912.*

We are here! Praise to God for His blessing! The city has surrendered to me with almost 20,000 prisoners, so some of our historical ideals have been realized. Yesterday, while making my solemn entry, at the head of my first divisions, which have fought so bravely, among the frantic applause of the Greeks whom we had liberated, and who kissed my boots and the edge of my great-coat, and seeing thousands of Turkish soldiers in the streets, not even yet disarmed, I thought to myself: "The moment to die has now arrived! Never again shall we experience a moment of such great joy!" I continually feel a lump in my

throat, and I am at a loss to know how to express my gratitude to the Almighty. I am forgetful of all the hardships, fatigue, bitterness and suffering of past years; the reward is indeed too beautiful! I have only time to write to you briefly. After having crossed the Vardar, I took up quarters on the estate of an Italian Jew situate at twenty-two kilometres from the town. We have had a torrential rain during the past four days and four nights which has soaked my poor troops. At 10 o'clock in the evening the British, French, Austrian and German consuls and the Turkish commander of the fortress, a big Pasha, arrived at my quarters. The consuls asked me, on behalf of the enemy commander, and at his request, to allow the Turkish troops to withdraw with their arms to a spot near the city, promising that they would not take any further part in the war. I replied that there were only two alternatives to choose from, namely either to fight, or lay down their arms and surrender. The Pasha was insistent. I then told him that I had already issued orders for the attack to begin at dawn, but that if before 6 o'clock he had changed his mind, I would allow him to advise me accordingly. Thereupon I went to bed.

My baggage had not yet arrived, so I went to bed without undressing, covered only with a waterproof; I suffered very much from the cold. At 5 o'clock in the morning the Pasha returned, but we were not yet in agreement. I refused his offers, and granted him a delay until 9 o'clock. At midday he had not yet arrived, and I was just leaving on horseback to go to the attack, when I met him on his way back again, but I flatly refused to speak to him. At four kilometres from the fighting line, and when the battle

was about to begin, an officer arrived with a letter for me from my adversary, which letter had been brought by a truce-bearer, in which he accepted all the terms made by me the previous day. Still another triumph for my nerve, you see! I proved the stronger of the two. I have sent two officers to him carrying a white flag to sign the protocol. It would be difficult to describe to you the joy and pride of my officers and troops. They all embraced each other.

Again I have slept on the ground last night in a filthy railway station, and in the morning I returned to my quarters.

There have been some complications with our Allies, the Bulgarians, numerous columns of whom arrived here after a forced march to take Salonika.

Fortunately I had struck my blow first; comparatively this is a victory like that of the Prussians at Sedan, but I am afraid it is not yet finished and that we shall still have to fight.

Oh, how tired I am! We have made an enormous effort, and I think we shall soon slacken down.

To-day I received your letter of the 22nd. Many thanks. You are indeed kind to me. No, it is not true—alas! I have had no horse killed under me, and I regret it; a slight wound would have been comforting to me. I do not see how this war can last long; it will probably be the peace negotiations to which there will be no end.

*Verdun,
November 16th, 1914.*

MY DEAR PAOLA,

Yesterday I had the joy of receiving three of your letters at the same time. For almost two weeks

I had been unable to forward any, but you will have noticed that I have written to you nearly every day. When one is wandering in a desert, one has not the conveniences of civilization.

I remained in Salonika for four days to give the troops a little rest, and I have been in the field again since yesterday, so, you see, we are pretty energetic. This time we have to destroy once and for all what remains of the Turkish army; it would seem that about 30,000 men are concentrating around a city called Monastir; they are gathering there after having taken part in two battles, unfortunately, against the Serbs and the Bulgarians. I had left a division here to protect our rear during our march on Salonika; it was very severely put to the test by the enemy, and I shall therefore have to rearrange it and repulse the enemy who is facing it. I am again billeted in a railway station—a terrible place! I came here with four divisions and am waiting while they take a little rest. My few days' stay at Salonika in the house of a civilian, which was well heated and provided with good carpets, has rested me and done me good. I hope this expedition will not last too long, especially as now part of the Serbian army with a cavalry division is surrounding Monastir on the north, and when we arrive the enemy will be encircled; they will not, therefore, be able to hold out very long, especially as the morale of the Turkish army cannot be very high, seeing that so far they have been beaten all along the line. Since yesterday the foreign military attachés have been with me, which is not particularly pleasant.

My mother arrived at Salonika on the eve of my departure. I had not seen her since the month of

May, and our meeting was very touching; she was very downhearted to see me leave again so soon. Physically, I am also tired, but the military considerations must be placed above all sentiment.

At Salonika there are many Byzantine churches which, at the time of the Turkish conquest about 1430, were transformed into mosques. We shall now reform them all in accordance with Christian ideas. Is it not splendid? Yesterday morning we paid a visit to one of them. It is magnificent, with its numerous green and yellow marble columns, its precious mosaic work; and, at the side, in a kind of jail, is the tomb of St. Demetrius, a great military saint, who is the patron of the city. It is an extraordinary coincidence that we should have taken Salonika on the very same day of the patronal celebrations. Salonika is a very beautiful city, especially when one arrives by the sea, as it is built on a magnificent gulf, and the hills surrounding it ascend like an amphitheatre, and are, in their turn, surrounded by very ancient walls that branch off from the old citadel. The minarets of the mosques are scattered picturesquely among the houses; it resembles Trieste, except that it is much more beautiful. In a few years, when we have reorganized it somewhat, it will become an important city; there is a great number of Jews resident in the town; I do not think that there is such a great number in any other town in Europe or elsewhere. One can travel here from Paris by the Wagon-lits in forty-eight hours, although not just now, as one would have to pass through the belligerent armies.

My father came to Salonika the day after the city was taken. He informed me that he had promoted me. I am therefore now a Generalissimo, and it is

no small matter to be promoted on the battlefield for meritorious war service. I am pleased to hear they are surprised in Paris. I have received a telegram from the Duke and Duchess of Noailles, and a letter of congratulation, concluding: "Long live Greece, Greece for ever!" Very soon you will see some cinema films.

I think your friend an extraordinary person to spend 400,000 francs per annum on dress! She will never be able to wear so many clothes. It only means the pleasure of advertisement, or ruin, which are both despicable, and the lady still more so. Thanks for the photographs you sent me; those which I took for you at Tatoi in tennis clothes are fairly good. Do not fear, I have ceased taking whisky. I am more vigorous now, and do not get so fatigued; therefore I shall not get stout, or lose my reputation; on the contrary, I have got thin, and at the present moment I have a very graceful wasp's waist. I believe that the story you told me of Napoleon I. and Descartes is authentic; it is known that he was very superstitious, and I am beginning to be the same. The events which you predicted at Tatoi before my departure have all come true. You must teach me how to play cards when we next meet. Unfortunately, I no longer dream of asking you to explain it to me. When I go to bed, I sleep like a top. I am pleased to know you think of me, especially the kind way you have of telling me.

What does D. T. think of the happenings here? Probably he did not suppose I was capable of carrying on a war; no doubt he thought I was a high liver, a man about town, like the greater number of the people who live in Paris. I think I know the tea-

room in the Place Vendôme that you mention; I must have been there once. You say the war will last another two months, but who can predict anything at present? At Tchataldja, which is the last Turkish line before Constantinople, they have already been fighting with the Bulgarians, and if the latter were to be repulsed, the war might take another turn; but even if it finished at once, the peace negotiations would drag on into eternity. However, you would have to say a little prayer for me. You are a great believer, but, then, to pray there is no need to form phrases, it is sufficient to feel profoundly and invoke with one's mind and heart the aid of a superior Being. It is not true that your soul is arid and your heart cold. I will never believe it, as you have proved to me the contrary; you have been an angel; you have given me back illusions I thought I had lost. You have given me strength and courage, and all this with your adorable character and ways. You seem to have a very bad opinion of yourself, which, believe me, you are far from deserving. The esteem in which I hold you should make you certain of yourself.

Florina

November 23^d, 1912.

. . . And now that all is more or less over, I hope to be able to return to Salonika and there await the peace negotiations. My second son¹ arrived the day before yesterday, and has been promoted to lieutenant in the artillery on condition that he passes his officer's examination after the war. He brought me three letters from you at the same time. I have

¹ The poor little King Alexandro died from the result of a bite from a monkey.

spent some very strenuous days since writing my last letter. I told you that I should probably have to fight again, and it has come true. I personally did not take part in the fighting, but have had to direct operations from a railway station, where I spent the time seated in front of maps with my Staff issuing telegraphic orders as the reports came to hand. That is the classical way at present of directing the operations; only in these parts, where civilization is not so advanced, there is rarely a telegraph service, and where it is found, it is almost always in an unserviceable condition. I have abandoned my last post, in order to take the train in the direction of the mountain chain which it was necessary to cross to get on to the plain at Monastir. The situation might have become difficult for our army. There are only two passes in the mountains through which the plain can be entered. If the Turks had been in good spirits, and had attacked us violently, we should have had to shed much blood before being able to pass. Fortunately, they are in a state of desperation, and were also engaged with the Serbs. I had sent out two divisions on to the road along which I myself was passing, and another to negotiate the second pass. As soon as we arrived at Vodena, we commenced the crossing, and I received news that my foremost division was engaged in violent fighting with the enemy, who was endeavouring to impede our passage. I did not want to return, as I had two other divisions in my rear, so I remained at the telegraph the whole day, awaiting news which arrived towards the evening; the enemy had been repulsed, and I entered the town. By way of a change, it rained in torrents, and we were wallowing in a sea of mud. In spite of the treacherous weather,

the population accorded me a triumphal reception—which considerably impressed the military attachés who were following us—at which I am pleased, as in Europe they have a very wrong impression of the events that are happening here.

We at once repaired to the cathedral, where they sang a "Te Deum" as an act of grace, after which I went down to the Archiepiscopacy, where there were some stoves alight and carpets on the floor, things the value of which one can only appreciate after having spent the night in a railway station.

The town occupies a splendid position, situated and having the appearance of a balcony on the mountain slope; the last houses fall vertically on to the plain, watered by streams and cascades like Tivoli, with a marvellous panorama which I enjoyed and admired in spite of the rain. When it is fine and the air is clear, Salonika and the sea can be seen, which are at least fifty kilometres distant.

The following morning I set out again in such a downpour as is unknown in the north; one might say that it was simply pouring buckets of water on to our heads, and that for days at a time. I was unable to sleep, as I was continually thinking of my poor men lying in the open. Fortunately, about 10 o'clock in the morning, the sky cleared and the sun came out.

I went as far as the next station to await the troops, who were advancing with difficulty, and who were to pass that way. Many horses succumbed to the fatigue of dragging the heavy pieces of artillery out of the mud in the roads, which could hardly be termed such. They were still carrying those wounded in yesterday's conflict—about 100, a good many in such

a small encounter. In the evening I decided to return to the Archiepiscopacy to avoid spending another night at a station.

The following day, at 5 o'clock, I set out again, and advanced two more stations, as far as a village called Ostrovo, situated on the border of a large lake, and where, at last, I found my three divisions, which had met. Here, however, the road came completely to an end, and I had to leave my field artillery and continue with three mountain batteries.

I slept in the station-master's room. His wife was carried off by the Turks; they say she was a Jewess and very beautiful. All his boxes and trunks had been reduced to splinters, and his belongings were scattered about on the ground in a state of disorder—wearing apparel, petticoats, shirts, drawers embroidered with costly lace. We put the whole back into the boxes—poor woman!

I set out again from here on horseback the following morning, to cross the most difficult part of the mountains. On arriving at the summit, I found the spot where the conflict of the previous day took place, and where the Turks had put up such a strenuous fight. In a ditch there were at least a hundred corpses, and many others lying on the roadside and in the fields. The heads of all the dead Turks had been split open with stones by the women of a village near by—that will give you some idea of the popularity of the Turkish rule! The war tends to assume a wild character which it did not have at the beginning. The Turks, to avenge themselves for the defeats they are suffering, fire the Christian villages through which they pass, murder the men, ravish the women and carry them off.

Our troops retaliate by setting fire to the Turkish

villages, and as many of the peasants fire on us and kill a number of our men, we are obliged to shoot them down.

On my arrival here, and seeing the horrors they have committed, I gave orders to burn a few of the Turkish villages through which we passed. The whole of the plain is illuminated by the glare, especially from one village which caused us many losses, and where the women fired on our troops from the windows. We even had the walls knocked down in this case, and the village has been wiped off the face of the earth. It is hard, but it is my duty to protect my troops.

Later, I arrived at a larger village, which is on the plain, and which has at least 3,000 inhabitants, all Christians; it had been burnt to the ground, among other buildings also the large and beautiful church and some factories. The streets were literally covered with dead pigs mixed up with human corpses. Such a spectacle made me gnash my teeth with anger.

Last night I again slept at a station, that of the village that had been set on fire, as we had descended again into the flat country and had struck the railway line once more. I hear that Monastir has been occupied by the Serbian troops after a three days' battle. It was stupid of them not to have waited two days longer for us; we should have surrounded the Turkish troops and taken the whole army prisoners without exception, while at least 30,000 men succeeded in escaping and have dispersed among the mountains, followed up by my cavalry, which has already captured a few guns. It is snowing and cold, and they are without shelter, conveyances or provisions, so I expect they will all very soon perish. There is no longer

any escape for them, and it is said that their General has committed suicide.

I came here yesterday morning; it is a town of 15,000 inhabitants, who received me with the utmost enthusiasm. The streets and houses were crowded with Turkish refugees from the villages where we were fired on, so we turned them all out, because we required the houses and mosques for our troops. It would have been misplaced charity to leave them there while my soldiers required shelter and rest, soaked, as they were, to the skin. "Charity begins at home"! All these women and children are wandering about the fields, or get people to assist them along in carts drawn by buffaloes. They are looking for their homes which no longer exist; they wander about aimlessly and tired. This is the horrible side of the war. Also the appearance of the prisoners is pitiful. Rendered stupid by fatigue and hardship, they are scarcely able to drag themselves along, and stare at us with a vacant look and probably see nothing, for who knows for how many days they may have been fasting?

As far as I am concerned, it seems to me the war should be over. Our army in the West, which is commanded by a General who, it seems to me, lacks energy altogether, has still to take Janina, and after that we shall have finished. I am beginning to scatter my divisions over the conquered territory, and think we shall very soon take up winter quarters. The Bulgarians are still fighting at Tchataldja before Constantinople, and it would seem that the Turks, decimated by cholera, are losing thousands of men daily. I shall remain here a few days longer, as I am in negotiation with the Serbs with regard to visits

to be exchanged between me and their Hereditary Prince. He is only a Lieut.-Colonel, twenty-four years of age, and they allow him to command an army!

At Monastir they are insisting that I should go there, but I do not wish to be as impolite to the Serbs as the Bulgarians were to me at Salonika. Therefore I shall go, but under the pretext of paying a visit to the Prince. You see, I have tact, have I not? Our delegate at the Serbian Headquarters has just arrived. Everything is arranged, and I shall visit Monastir the day after to-morrow. The two armies are only thirty kilometres from each other, and I shall do the journey by train.

The Greek element, which predominates there, will give me a brilliant reception. As you see, it is a question now of dividing the conquered territory among the Allies, which will prove a very delicate and intricate task for the diplomats. We shall have no difficulty in coming to arrangements with the Serbs, I feel sure, but the Bulgarians will raise difficulties in many directions for all of us. They want to take everything! For instance, they are sending garrisons into all the towns conquered by us and where my troops are already stationed. I cannot turn them out without fighting, and I do not want to provoke a war among allies.

It is certainly not a friendly act, and is lacking altogether in military etiquette. A war with the Bulgarians is inevitable, I fear. In that event, I trust we shall have for our allies the Serbs, who detect them as much as we do. It is not impossible that we may also have the Roumanians.

To-day I received the Decree promoting me

"General for conspicuous service rendered to the Fatherland in face of the enemy," with the felicitations of the Government.

It is very kind of you to tell me that they are pleased with us in Paris. I feel certain they are. I have been receiving innumerable letters and telegrams. One is just to hand from Mrs. Moore. . . . Yes, things are going well at Salonika, but this is not the time for tourists—there are no apartments to be found. Even my officers have difficulty in finding accommodation, and some of them have to sleep in one of those houses. . . . After having begged "those ladies" to quit!

I hope that international communication will soon be re-established.

*Salonika,
December 4th, 1912.*

MY DEAR PAOLA,

I am back here at last, after an expedition lasting fifteen days in the rain and snow, which is by no means pleasant, but by way of recompense I find your letter of the 21st. I had been unable to forward any letters for almost three weeks, as I have been continually on the move, but I have availed myself of every spare moment to write to you. However, there is only one mail a week leaving.

You see, war is not a children's pastime; it is a horror that brings disorder into all institutions and ordinary civilization, and takes out from you all that is best in you.

My hair is beginning to turn grey on the temples, and I think I shall very soon be quite white. I do not know whether peace is near; there has been so

much talk of negotiating the armistice, but I am not up to date in politics, and to avoid any mistake we are carrying on as if the war were going to last indefinitely. Nothing much remains of the enemy forces, only a small portion of the army beaten by the Serbs which has concentrated in the neighbourhood of Florina, which I am besieging and which will be starved out. For that reason I did not consider it worth while to pursue them, and have returned here where I may be required.

We have a great deal of trouble with the Bulgarians, and it is quite possible that the situation may become so serious as to cause a complete rupture. Who can tell? You can understand that if we had pursued the Turks among the mountains in this gloomy season, we should have run the risk of being blockaded there ourselves and my troops would all have succumbed, for it must not be forgotten that they are Southerners, and it, therefore, cannot be expected that they can wage war in such deep snow. However, I hope that peace is in sight, and I have not yet given up hope of meeting you in January. We shall certainly have a great deal of trouble with the Bulgarians when it comes to dividing the spoil. As a race, they are unbearable, and are more barbarous in their actions and ways than the Turks. If certain details were known in Europe, nobody would lend credence to them, moreover, they are of the same stock, and I do not understand how they acquired the name of Slavs. If peace were not concluded on an equal basis, it might sow the seeds of another war, which will break out within the next few years. We are in a position somewhat analogous to that in which the Prussians and Austrians found themselves in 1866.

(1864) after the war with Denmark, which finished two years later in a war between the two allies. You see, my dear friend, that I am occupied with matters of very great concern; nevertheless I find time to write you longer letters than I did in peace time. You are right in saying that, in my photo, underneath my eyes, one can discern a smile and that that is a sign of my good nature; I am pleased with your discovery, as it is a little consolation to me in this life of hopelessness and anguish.

Cholera has not yet attacked us, although it is very prevalent outside Tchataldja. However, there are epidemics of smallpox and scarlet fever among the refugees who have sought shelter in the mosques at Salonika, but we are endeavouring to repatriate as many as possible, and are taking very strong measures to preserve sanitary conditions. In this way we hope that the state of the public health will not grow worse. As I wrote to you, I went to Monastir to pay a visit to the Hereditary Prince of Serbia; they accorded me a reception that surpassed in enthusiasm all those I have experienced up to now. It is a town where the national feeling is very deep, and their disappointment that the town was occupied by Serbs instead of by us is indescribable. There are 50,000 inhabitants. The town possesses straight streets and has a much more European appearance than those I have so far seen. It is crossed by a large river which, with a little attention, might be made very attractive. The population shouted and begged of me not to forsake them, as if it were in my power to decide their fate.

I imagine the Serbs were rather annoyed at this reception. I have already noticed that our Alliance, to some extent fictitious, is weakening in every respect,

but with the Serbs it is only a question of susceptibilities, which are of no importance. We have not many interests which clash, but in the case of the Bulgarians the position is very much more serious, as every day there are conflicts among the authorities resulting from their unbearable insolence and lack of sincere brotherly feeling. They came and established themselves here, although we conquered the city. There are about 30,000 of them, a number which is quite superfluous, and they have made me many promises which they take good care not to fulfil.

I remained in Monastir for twenty-four hours, and then returned to Florina. Possibly the bad weather contributed to giving me an impression of it that surpasses all description. I was in a hurry to leave it, and as the army will require four days to rest and re-victual, I availed myself of the opportunity to come to Salonika, where the children are to rejoin me. I feel terribly homesick.

My Chief of Staff, whom I left there, wires me that the Turks are losing men daily through hunger and desertion, and that we have taken twenty-four cannon from them and made 3,000 prisoners. Like myself, he does not think it worth while attacking them with many troops. I have, therefore, left a small detachment there to keep watch on them and cut off their supplies of provisions, and have blockaded the streets. I am reuniting my armies here in order to be able to leave to meet any eventuality. The prospect of carrying on a winter campaign in the mountains does not appeal to me very much.

It is strange, but all the horrors that I have witnessed during this war have not disturbed my sleep as much as the Bulgarians do with their ignorance and

arrogant methods. The most uncouth of them is one who is now here as a lieutenant in the Cavalry Reserve, and who, under the cloak of the smiling diplomat and Society man, hides one of the most corrupt minds I have ever known. When I was in Paris, he posed as my friend. He asked me for, and I gave him, a large photograph. Now, he does us as much harm as possible.

How annoying it must be to you that I should relate all these episodes which, after all, are of no importance except to myself who am personally concerned in them, but it is quite possible that in the near future they may become of interest to the whole of Europe.

Yesterday the Hereditary Prince of Serbia, who was returning to Belgrade, paid me a visit, and I gave him a splendid reception, arranging for guards of honour, sentinels at the hotel entrance, etc., etc. He departed to-day.

Salonika,

December 8th, 1912.

It is true, hostilities seem to be approaching the end. You have perhaps read in the papers that the Bulgarians, the Serbs and the Montenegrins have concluded an armistice with the Turks, in which we took no part, as, the Government having asked my opinion, I stated that their terms did not seem to me acceptable. The Bulgarians were weary of the war, and there was some cholera among their troops, but that ought not to have influenced matters, in view of the advantage to be gained by taking Tchataldja, and the extremely favourable conditions which they would have been able to impose on the Turks. We offered

them four divisions, and the Serbs 200,000 men, to assist them; and further, we suggested to them that they should withdraw the troops they have here, and which only do us harm, but they refused. Now I shall be more diffident of them than ever, especially as they are endeavouring to persuade the world that I took Salonika as the result of a trick; that I had arranged with them to attack the city together and that I did not keep my promise; and further, that, seeing the Turks were retreating before them, I sent them proposals which were so humiliating to Greece that they, the Bulgarians, gave up for that reason. It is monstrous! I claim to be a gentleman and incapable of playing any tricks of this nature on anybody, and such artifices can only be conceived by people of their mentality. When I attacked Salonika I had no idea that the Bulgarians were in the neighbourhood. I only received news of their approach an hour before the arrival of the letter from Taksin Pasha setting forth the terms of surrender. The same officer who brought me the news of their approach (they were then within about three kilometres from the town) left again with my letter to the Bulgarian General, in which I laid down my plan of attack on Salonika, pointing out to him that I did not anticipate any great resistance, and therefore did not require their assistance. The following day they arrived, and they then realized that I had taken the town and asked me to give hospitality for two of their battalions; they rewarded me very badly and caused me the utmost trouble and annoyance. Nevertheless, they are making such a stir in Europe that there they believe that they are doing everything and we nothing! I assure you that the only country in the Balkans that

does tell the truth is ours, the Greeks. Before the war I also had faith in the Bulgarian "bluff," but now I know what to think of it. Ours is the only country that was organized and ready for war, yet we did not boast about it; also, we were a little intimidated owing to the noise made by the Bulgarians, but now I perceive that it is a mistake to be too modest, and that it is preferable, at times, to beat the big drum, otherwise nobody heeds you.

Everybody is relating marvels of the battle of the Serbs at Monastir, which lasted four days and four nights, and I know from an unquestionable source that during this battle they lost less than 700 men. In the battle we fought at Yenidje Vardar, which lasted an hour and a half, we lost 1,500 men, yet nobody talks of that battle. In this world self-advertisement alone counts, both in private and public life! For the rest, I am beginning to become impatient, and if we do not get what is due to us, the new Crusade (as this war has been called) will come to a nice end! However, I have to protect our interests, and it is my duty to do so for the country's sake. As a matter of fact, it is not I who am making terms; I still remain the soldier who has done his duty, and diplomacy will do the rest. The negotiations will be opened up in London, and my Chief of Staff, Danglis, left to-day as Military Adviser of Venizelos, who is going as plenipotentiary. They will be in London on Thursday.

I am very enthusiastic about your hunting expedition. I have also hunted in that forest with the old Duchess D'Uzès, who telegraphed to me a day or two ago "to the Prince whom I am proud to have given hospitality at Bonnelles." That is nice, is it

not? I never see any ladies here, and I miss their company very much. On the average I am of a sociable nature and love society, and when we speak of society, the opposite sex is generally understood.

I have now been waging war for two months, and during the summer I have seen nobody with the exception of the very pleasant visit you paid me at Tatoi. Yesterday evening, for the first time, I dined with my sister-in-law Helen¹ and four ladies from the Red Cross, and I felt that I had almost lost the habit of moving in society. It is regrettable, is it not? I have sent you a photograph taken together with my children and brothers on the steps of the house where I am living here. You can see how much thinner I am, as my uniform has become too big, while before the war it was a close fit. On the other hand, my moustache had grown to an enormous size, but I have cut it very short.

You cannot imagine how I long for this war to come to an end. My efforts in it have been crowned with success, but I assure you it was no pleasant task, and there again is much ill-feeling still between ourselves and the Bulgarians. However, I must await the conclusion of the negotiations, which will be interminable.

Safvika,

December 21st, 1912

MY DEAR PAOLA,

In the first place I must assure you that it is not my fault if I have been unable to write to you for the past eight days. The volume of work is increased² as soon as one matter is disposed of, another arises, and

¹ Helen, the Princess N. Alexandroff-Groze, born Grand Duchess of Russia.

instal an official at the stations which they consider necessary for their railway. However, I am trying to convince them that I am only too pleased to be able to maintain friendly relations between our respective armies for the sake of our alliance, but they must agree and acknowledge me to be the conqueror of the city, and that I will not allow anybody to tread on me. But it is difficult to convince them of this. They cannot get over the fact that I arrived here first and took possession of the town before they did.

I have done everything humanly possible to have the authorities I represent respected; what will become of the city later on it is impossible for me to say; unfortunately it does not depend on me, and its fate will be decided in London by the Peace Delegates, but I fear there will be tremendous difficulties to overcome. Above all, the Bulgarians want Salonika—it is their Mecca, but we think otherwise. "Who will give way?" that is the question.

However, I fear that sooner or later war will inevitably come about. The Bulgarians are stronger than we are, and, in any case, it will be a much more strenuous and more serious campaign than the war we have waged.

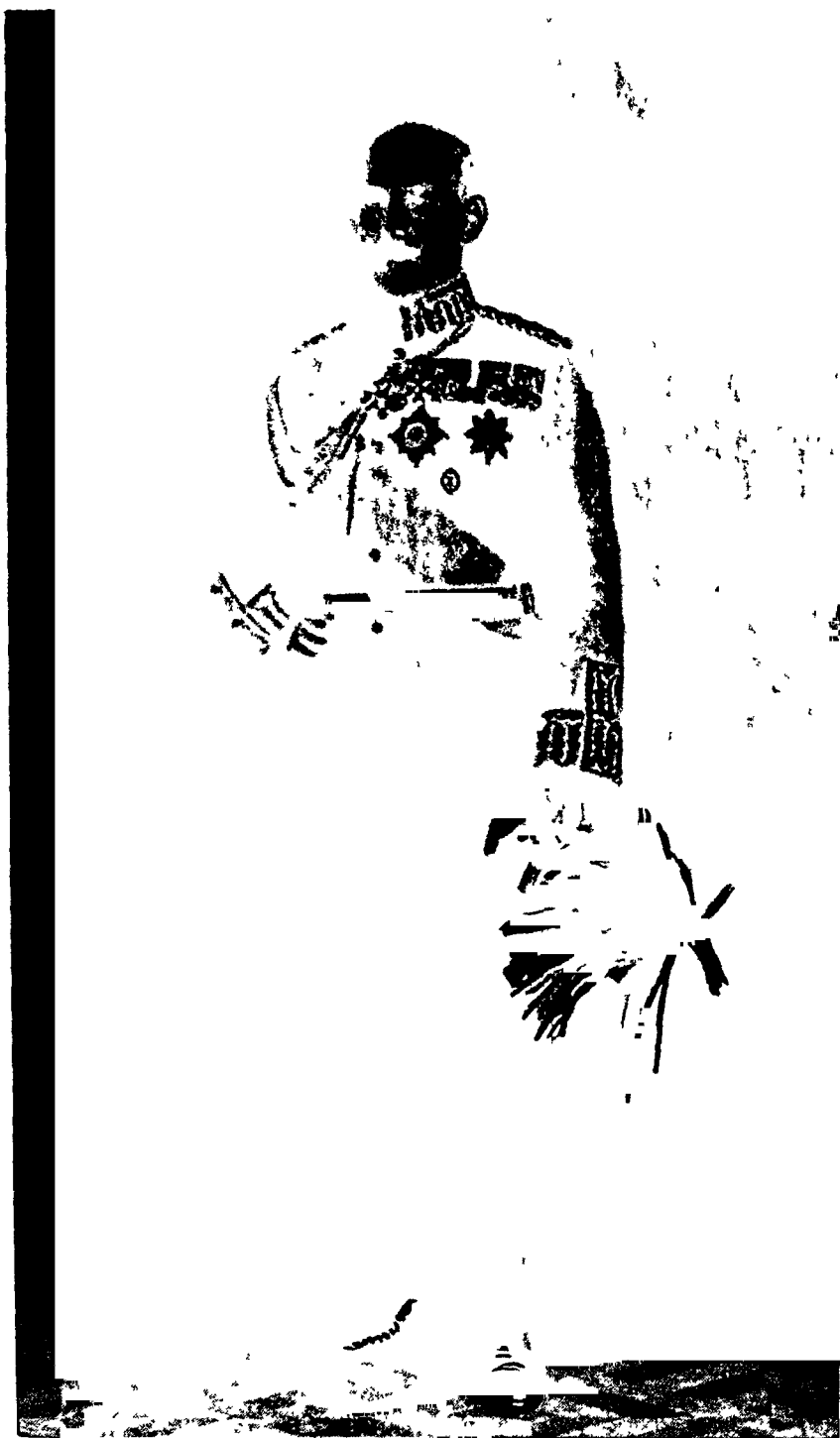
You are right when you ask me why we have not finally driven the Turks out of Europe when we were in a position to do so; but it is the Bulgarians who are the cause of that; they encountered considerable resistance outside Tchataldja, where it appears they suffered terrible losses (to some extent from cholera)—in short, they have lost their morale and dash and have begun to weaken. Thus, when the Turks asked for an armistice, they were already prepared to grant it, and therefore they accepted all the conditions demanded

by the enemy, except the victualling of the besieged fortresses, and it was just on account of this that we refused the armistice and proposed, on the other hand, that we should assist the Bulgarians as I have already explained to you; but they took our proposals amiss. If our divisions had succeeded in taking the fortresses on the Dardanelles, our fleet would have penetrated and destroyed the Turkish fleet, and by bombarding Constantinople would have struck a blow at the flank of the Turkish army, whose capitulation would have been inevitable. In that case, of course, Constantinople would have been taken by the three Allied armies, which would have entered the town together, and that by no means pleased the Bulgarians, who complained that they had had a harder struggle than we, and that, above all, they did not want so much bloodshed!! This feeling of humanity is awakened in them at a very opportune moment! Here, in the outskirts, they massacre inoffensive Turkish peasants in a cruel fashion, surpassing the cruelty of the Turks themselves. The Serbs and the Montenegrins have committed the imprudence of allowing the Bulgarians to negotiate the armistice likewise in their name; we alone insisted on having special delegates.

Now they are tearing their hair in despair, but it is too late, and this is the result. We have conquered almost the whole of Macedonia, part of Albania, Epirus, several other towns and Salonika. The Serbs have taken the whole of former Serbia, Monastir and another part of Albania as far as Durazzo on the Adriatic. The Bulgarians are left without any trump card in their hands, not even Adrianople.

They allowed the Turks to reinforce and become elated, and now the Bulgarians will have to yield and

seek to compensate themselves with Salonika, Monastir and their "Hinterland," and we and the Serbs will have fought and shed our blood in their interests. That would be too much! Do you not think I am right? Have I made myself sufficiently clear? I assure you that all these controversies and my relations with the Bulgarians generally weary me both physically and mentally, more even than the war itself. Not even during the military operations did I feel fatigued on retiring at night. The sympathetic interest with which you follow the events that are taking place here has led you to guess and realize this, and I feel very grateful to you for it. Who knows whether the reasons that I have explained to you, and which I suppose arrested the dash of the Bulgarians, are the only and the real reasons? They might be secretly negotiating with the Turks or with some other Power. Czar Ferdinand has been here, and left again yesterday evening. He came to beg me to maintain our friendly relations, as it is very important, especially as regards the future, that we should remain united. I told him that I shared his opinion unreservedly, and I endeavoured to explain to him that the wrong does not lie with us. He listened to me very attentively. He is a very intelligent man, and fully understands my feelings. He is not a Bulgarian, but he has to fulfil his mission and do his duty. In short, as you see, things are not altogether rosy, and who can say that peace will be signed before the end of the year? If that were the case, I might possibly be able to absent myself for a few days, but that would give me such great joy that it is better for me not to think of it in order to avoid disappointment. Moreover, it does not solely depend upon me, as the authority for



KING CONSTANTINE OF GREECE

my leave has to come through quite a series of Government departments for examination and signature. It is a tedious process!

Yesterday evening I went to bed at half-past ten, and when I was in my best sleep, they came and woke me up because the Governor wanted to speak to me on the telephone. An official had come to fetch me with a carriage and horses that could not make much progress. They sent a Turkish driver who did not understand a word of Greek. I am residing half-an-hour's ride by motor from the office, but it did not occur to this official to bring a motor-car. You can imagine how I treated him, owing to all this time being lost in arousing my Chief of Staff and calling me to the telephone, where they detained me until 3 o'clock in the morning. I had insufficient sleep, and to-day I am suffering from a headache.

In Epirus things are going anything but well, and the cause of it is the stupidity of the Command. They wanted to ask my advice, and required reinforcements. I shall send them two divisions, making three with the one already sent, and they also hinted that they would like me over there, but I pretended not to understand. They have been there two months doing nothing, and now that the Turks have obtained reinforcements, our people are attacking; the troops are not used to advantage. The General is in difficulties, and I should have to go and get him out of his trouble and run the risk of the responsibility for their mistakes falling on my shoulders. Do not think that I am at all unpatriotic, but it is asking rather too much of me; and again, if they call me away, who will keep the Bulgarians, whom everybody fears, in their place? They would certainly take the opportunity.

But here again I am beginning to tell you of my troubles! Does not hunting fatigue you too much? With whom do you go? I know how easy it is to lose one's way galloping in and out of these French woods, where it is advisable always to remain near the groom in order to avoid going astray altogether. And how characteristic the old *Duchess D'Uzès* looks in her costume, her three-cornered hat, and her knife. However, I think the "quarry," the final scene, when the deer is slaughtered, disgusting and terribly loathsome. I am very sorry to hear that your "Borzoï" hounds are not well. I endeavoured to dissuade you from purchasing them so young, when they had not yet passed through the dangerous disease called distemper. Let us hope that they will succeed in saving them for you. I do not understand how you can like poker so much; it is such a stupid game. By far I prefer bridge, but I have not played it since the last time you were at Tatoi, do you remember? Moreover, I have altogether lost the habit of sitting up late at night.

During hostilities I almost always went to bed about 9 o'clock, 10 o'clock at the latest; on the other hand, I rise very early.

I was forgetting to tell you that about a fortnight ago I sent you two pieces of material that I came across here. The one, the red piece, is a very antique tapestry, worked by Rhodians, and the other, with a floral design, an old piece of Boukara. I hope they will reach you safely and in good condition, as they are really beautiful. I have also had some wine from Cyprus sent to you, in order that you may drink my health.

I could tell you many little amusing stories about the Jews at Salonika. There are almost 80,000 there.

A certain Mr. B., a prominent Jew in Paris, will be arriving here in a day or so to investigate the complaints made against us, as they state that we ill-treated them, which is absolutely untrue, and I hope he will be able to reassure his co-religionists in Europe in this respect. The opinion of the Jews is as important to us as to the whole world.

Yes, you are quite right in what you say referring to the *New York Herald*. It is a reliable paper and they have on board one of our cruisers their own correspondent, who writes splendid articles. After the war I shall have to thank him for all that he has done for us.

I am pleased to say that since yesterday I have not had to face the enemy, as my troops have repulsed and routed the last of the enemy soldiers still remaining in a town called Corytza on the Albanian frontier. I shall therefore now be able to reorganize what remains of my army, and so be in readiness for any eventuality. What I am in need of are officers, as we have lost so many of them and almost 15,000 men—I believe as many as the Italians lost in Tripoli. They are heavy losses for a small country like ours. We have taken from the enemy three standards, 100 cannon, 75,000 guns and 45,000 prisoners, and I have just been advised that we have made other captures.

Your letter of the 14th has just reached me; I had not received any for more than eight days. The postal service has been disorganized, but I am much nearer you than I was at Athens. It would be possible to reach Vienna in less than thirty-six hours if the Serbs did not create difficulties for the railway company; they have withdrawn the through trains from service, so that correspondence is sent and received by

the sea route, which is irregular, as it has compelled Greece to requisition all the merchant vessels which were in quarantine in consequence of cholera which is raging at Constantinople. However, I shall do my best to arrange matters. The reason why the newspapers refer to us less often, is because there is not very much to report in regard to events in the war. The Allies have concluded an armistice, while I have been engaged in a few skirmishes which have now altogether ceased, and Janina does not concern me, as it is quite another theatre of war, commanded by a General who is not under my orders. A fortnight ago the Commander saw his own son killed in battle in his presence.

I have sent him reinforcements, 25,000 infantry men and sixty cannon, which I hope will be sufficient, as I cannot deprive myself altogether for them. I shall make no further move just at present, except in the event of the Turks in London becoming too irreconcilable, and then we shall have to begin afresh, and the Bulgarians will be obliged to ask for our help.

My sons and all my family will be here for Christmas, which falls a fortnight later than yours owing to the old calendar. I shall be pleased to see them again, but how different it is when these festivities are spent away from the intimacy of one's own home! How sorry I am to hear that your dog is dead! I hope you will be able to save the other. But the disadvantage of keeping dogs is the sorrow they cause when we lose them.

Salonica,

January 1st, 1913

MY DEAR PAOLA,

I send you all my best wishes for the New Year.

You cannot imagine how the thought of your solitude during this festive season saddened me, and I am pleased to hear that your people have decided to join you in Paris. Just think; your letter took fifteen days to reach here, although it came direct to Salonika; I have not received the one sent the previous evening which you mention; the neglect on the part of the Serbs is incredible, because the fault lies with them if the postal service works so badly. A Greek diplomat who arrived here via that route stated that it took him four days to go from Belgrade to this place—a distance which is usually covered in ten hours. The longer I live, the more I perceive that the only civilized people in the Balkans are ourselves, the Greeks. We have once more put into proper working order the railway line passing through the conquered territory, and now only exercise slight State control over it. On the contrary, the Serbs and the Bulgarians have dismissed the whole of the railway company's staff and are endeavouring to operate the lines with soldiers, which, of course, is none too satisfactory. Everybody is protesting and making a terrible uproar, including business and commercial circles; but that has not much effect.

The reprisals I took against the Bulgarians have calmed them down somewhat, but nevertheless troubles continue. I think they will have realized that I have quite made up my mind not to allow anybody to tread on me.

For the rest, there are only two battalions of their troops remaining here, but what is annoying is the fact that the Serbs seem to want to begin to cause the same trouble on our frontier. The other day they appointed a Civil Commissary at Florina, a district which was occupied by us before them, and where I

spent a fatal fortnight. Well, the Civil Commissary arrived and our Commissary showed him the door. Now they are attempting to take possession of the few villages which we have been occupying for at least the past six weeks. I have had them reinforced, and have sent word to the Serbs that if they interfere I will give orders to fire on them. It seems to me that they have suddenly been seized with a fancy to occupy the whole of the Monastir plain (of which we hold the Southern portion by way of recompense), because the Austrians deny them an outlet on the Adriatic. But I think it is going rather too far to want to indemnify themselves at our expense; in any case, the idea occurred to them rather late in the day. I shall certainly prevent them from doing this. All this is exasperating, but I am beginning to get accustomed to it, and no longer feel the fatigue so much.

Czar Ferdinand has sent me a very lengthy telegram complaining, although politely, that I have not kept my promises. I replied by a telegram, just as long and just as polite, that my goodwill was not sufficient without that of his officers. After this exchange of courtesies, things are going very much better. He must have severely rebuked them.

As regards the Serbs, I sent a telegram to their Hereditary Prince, from whom I have not yet received a reply.

For the past four weeks we have had lovely weather here; it seems almost like summer-time, and yet I am again troubled with a cough; as I have already told you, my bronchial tubes are made of *papier mâché*. Yesterday a great dame came to see me, who has executed a portrait of myself for an album which she wishes to publish for the benefit of the Red Cross.

She sketched mine in three-quarters of an hour. My face is covered with wrinkles, so much so that I look sixty years of age; I have a squint in one eye, otherwise it was more or less a success. She sketched portraits of the whole family, and different types of soldiers. When the album is published, I will send you a copy of it.

You say that you believe the Turks have tricked us; to some extent you are right, but it was with the Armistice, and not with the Conference, which is the reason why we did not accept it. It was the Bulgarians who made this terrible mistake. If at the time they had accepted our proposals, the position would be altogether different to-day.

Now, if we are to begin the war afresh, it would entail enormous sacrifice and losses; we are already suffering very heavily outside Janina, which is very strongly fortified.

The Turks, with their usual tactics, are spinning out the negotiations, but I hope they will not be allowed to go too far.

They ought to realize that their existence in Europe has come to an end, except Constantinople with a little hinterland. The soldiers arriving from Asia Minor are infected with cholera, but what annoys me most, is that Germany is sending the Turks cannon and munitions via Roumania, and that is termed neutrality!

I can wait ten days longer, but if peace is not signed within ten days, it will no longer be possible for me to leave. The news from London is anything but reassuring; it is said that the Turks are irreconcilable, or at least pretend to be; perhaps it is only bluff.

Apparently the Bulgarians do not want our assistance at Gallipoli, and they think they may be able to

finish with the Turks alone, but I am afraid they have bitten off more than they can chew ; so much the better, that will lower their sail a little.

Scutari,

January 12th, 1913

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am informed that the postal service will be working regularly overland ; we will see how long it will last, and here I am, who hoped that peace would be shortly signed, when I expected to leave for Berlin and Vienna, but every thing is going from bad to worse, and I shall be obliged to leave for Janina and take over command of the operations there, as the General in charge of them at present is unable to do anything ! ! Apparently he is unable to attack the enemy entrenchments and has lost the confidence of his troops, who are asking me to come. The Government have suggested it accordingly to the King, who was unwilling, but he has had to give way, and I have been appointed Commander of the two armies with orders to go personally to Epirus with my First Division and take the fortress of Janina by force and, if successful, to occupy as much of Epirus as possible. On the one hand, it is very complimentary to me that they should be convinced that I am the only man capable of carrying through successfully so difficult an expedition, but, on the other hand, what a responsibility ; but if we succeed, then what joy ! I shall have with me my four divisions and, further, another division already well trained in warfare, which has been on the spot for some time. There will be about 45,000 men. It is stated that the Turks number 40,000, but that they are entrenched in a very strong position. It will be

a terribly difficult task; the country is incredibly difficult, but what causes me most anxiety is that I am entirely unfamiliar with the country and cannot consequently form any idea as to how I shall proceed. Once again my future and my prestige are at stake! My brother Nicholas will remain here as Governor. What he will do, how he will deal with the Bulgarians and whether he will be able to hold them in check, I really do not know, but there is now hope that we shall be able to keep Salonika—God grant it! It is my belief that all the difficulties which the Turks are raising in London are mere bluff, provided only the Bulgarians do not allow themselves to be inveigled. But apparently they have no desire to begin war afresh and are completely exhausted. Now there are complications between them and Roumania. Generally speaking, the Great Powers are an insupportable invention. I will wire you the day after to-morrow if I decide to enter Epirus, to avoid your telegraphing here again. So you are going to have a pleasant time at Cannes, are you? And I hope it will be warmer than here, for during the past few days it has been terribly cold and the mountains at Epirus are snowclad. Numbers of soldiers are being brought into the hospitals suffering from frost-bite, their toes and fingers falling off. I do not think we shall really have any war complications with the Bulgarians; I do not know whether war will break out between Austria and Serbia, but suppose so, although Serbia has already declared to Austria that she would not insist in the matter of the outlet on the Adriatic provided she were compensated commercially. For my part, I am beginning to get accustomed to the vexing methods of the Bulgarians, as I notice that when I

am resolute and show my indignation, they sing small. They play me nasty tricks to annoy and intimidate me; but when they see that it is useless, they withdraw at once. Now, however, they no longer worry me nor disturb me in my sleep. The question of the future of Salonika does not concern me; this will be settled by our delegates in London; after conclusion of peace with the Turks, I have only to retain what we have taken and not allow the Bulgarians to arrogate to themselves rights to which they are not entitled. To take Monastir is now impossible, after the Serbs have been there so long a time. You seem to have many ups and downs concerning me. I assure you that there is every reason to become neurasthenic in the uncertainty in which we are proceeding, but it would be a great pity if my good star abandoned me just at the moment when I am called upon to carry through a difficult campaign and when I require its guidance more than ever. The photograph of my entry into Salonika is not so wonderful as you seem to think; the likeness is fairly good. I had read in the *Herald* that Oporto was in Paris, even before you wrote to me. I am pleased to hear that you have received a few nice Christmas presents besides the lace. Did your family not give you anything? But your grandfather is rich and generous! Is he not giving you anything? He ought to! You make me laugh when you say "Alleluia" as soon as they have gone, especially as you were so pleased at their arrival in Paris.

The Conference in London is not making much progress. The delegates had no meeting for the past week, although they are remaining there, probably in the hope that the Turks will finally decide, as the Great Powers have sent a collective note to Constantinople.

urging them to yield, since none of the Powers would come to their aid in the event of a new conflict. The relations between the Bulgarians and Roumanians cannot but encourage the Turks, and I fear that they will not want to continue the war and will finish by yielding. Who would ever have imagined that it would have been necessary to send me to another theatre of war, just when I thought I might be able to absent myself for a few days? If only the Powers would keep quiet and not meddle with our affairs, we should have been able to conclude peace alone already some time ago; we asked for nothing more, but they must necessarily poke their noses everywhere and spoil everything.

January 20th, 1913.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have received your letter of the 5th just before leaving.

Once more I have been interrupted. This time it was an aviator who desired my assistance to carry out some practice exercises in bombing from his aeroplane. We have eight of them, but the Turks have none.

Indeed, you do not write nonsense; on the contrary, you show much good sense when you say that the government of a country should be conducted like your household, only, in the latter case, one is free, while in the former there are an infinite number of persons who have, or assume to have, the right to interfere in everything, and that is perhaps one of the reasons why I prefer to be a soldier. In the army one gives orders, and there's an end to it.

My position as head of an army, where everything

depended entirely on me, would be ideal, were it not for the lack of discipline and many other things, almost even more important, such as the victualling, supplies, etc., which leave much to be desired. But this is all due to the colossal effort we are making to maintain under arms an army in such numbers as nobody would have thought us capable of.

In short, we are playing a risky game. I am sure you will have understood me when I wrote telling you my feelings for my country. You speak of my patience, but it is essential to possess this virtue and do what one can in the cause of enlightenment and civilization. Regard must be had for the ideas and methods of others. The whole thing is very complicated. However, I will write you a little every day, so that when my letters are bound together, they will form almost a diary. This letter is also a fairly long one, as I have written so small.

Athens,

Apr 19th, 1913

MY DEAR PAOLA,

The delightful habit of writing to you has been interrupted by my very tedious journey in Epirus, owing also to the danger of being captured by the Turkish cruiser "Hamidieh," which was prowling around the coasts, and, owing to the wild life I have been experiencing there, deprived of even the most necessary comforts. I had not the courage to sit down and write a letter, so weary and so downhearted was I. This is only a feeble attempt to describe a little my state of mind, although anything I may say must be in the nature of an apology. It will depend entirely on your great kindness whether you will

forgive me or not. It is true that I did not reply to your telegram, owing to the taking of Janina, but the reason is that it went astray among a thousand and one others received by me, and when I found it again, it was too late, and I was ashamed to answer it then. It was very kind of you to wire me after the terrible and crushing event. What a horrible thing that my father should be so basely murdered in the midst of his triumph. The army was victorious, the extent of the country almost doubled and a new era of happiness opened up before him, for the realization of his national dreams, when he is struck down by a bullet fired by some degenerate drunkard; at least, I hope such he may prove to be. If it were a political crime, as is rumoured, it would be much worse, and still more horrible. The deep mourning into which the country has been plunged, the immense part which it took in the misfortune, is some consolation to me, as it proves that the people acknowledge his merit in the country which he sincerely loved, in spite of his foreign nationality.

It is a grave responsibility that I have now assumed, rendered all the heavier and more serious by all that the country expects from me after a victorious war. Now will begin the difficult task of the division among the Allies, a task much more difficult than the war itself. I am now, or rather should be, a soldier and a diplomat, in order afterwards to be a diplomat only, a position for which, between you and me, I do not feel any aptitude. I am terribly busy just now—public engagements, private engagements, which keep me here. When the concentration of the troops is completed, I shall go to Salonika, especially if there is any danger of complications arising. If I may

express a wish, do not go to Sofia—it is an ugly and boring city.

The Bulgarians are unbearable, and your husband's cousin, Czar Ferdinand, is not particularly attractive, although he is very witty; but he lacks simplicity. I ought not to speak thus of a colleague, but you will not betray me, will you? I do not dare beg your pardon, and await your decision with some little hope.

Salonika,

May 22d, 1913.

MY DEAR PAOLA,

I am sorry I sent my last letter to Paris, as I received your telegram from Genoa when it had already left. I expect you will have returned and received it. I thank you for the post-cards of "Villa Carlotta," Cadenabbia—they are very pretty. The old Duke Leopold of Saxe-Meiningen, your relative, is my brother-in-law's father; he is ninety years of age, but, as you rightly say, he is as deaf as a post and very irritable. His wife is a former actress of the famous Meiningen Company, of which you will have heard. She is an old lady, always ailing, but very affable. She has much tact, which is a very great advantage, seeing the difficult position she occupies. . . .

I do not think I have told you that the peace preliminaries have been signed, but that makes no great difference to us. As a matter of fact, the war, as far as we were concerned, came to an end with the taking of Janina. The fleet is being released, as it has no longer to watch over the Dardanelles. As regards the Bulgarians, there is no longer any question of Salonika; they have given in, but only want to leave us the town and take away the whole of the " hinter-

land," and then drive in a wedge between us and the Serbs, which will not quite suit our purpose. Without the "hinterland," Salonika would be lost and would go to ruin in a year or two, being deprived of its commerce. Moreover, we only ask to retain what we have each conquered, and that is only justice.

I will confide a secret to you. We have made an alliance with Serbia, and have yesterday evening concluded a military convention whereby we undertake to render each other aid with all our forces in the event of an attack being made by Bulgaria. It is to be hoped that the Bulgarians will be more cautious when they are aware that we have joined forces to resist them. When separated, they are stronger than we are, but when we are united we have much larger numbers.

I have here slightly more than 100,000 men and the Serbs 240,000 as they say. These numbers form fairly large armies, and, if it came to another war, it would be terrible, much more arduous and terrible than the last. The Great Powers seem to me now to be somewhat better disposed towards us, except Italy and Austria, whom I suspect of secret dealings with the Bulgarians, notwithstanding their apparent neutrality.

The Bulgarians have lost all the sympathy they enjoyed in Europe, for the reason that they are tactless and coarse and unbearable. Under the pressure of the Powers they have decided to send General Ivanoff here, with whom we shall endeavour to determine the points which are to be occupied by our and their troops; in this way, they will be prevented from penetrating in all directions and will cease their attempts to take from us any territory we occupy.

The Chief of Staff has just come in and interrupted

me, with the news that the protocol is completed and will be signed to-morrow.

This is a load off my mind. But what difficulties we have had to reach this result! Up till now, as it was they who were continually attacking us, they were free to muster their troops wherever they wanted to, against ours, which were always numerically inferior. To put up a proper defence, we ought to have attacked them with all our forces; but that would have meant war. On the last occasion, they numbered 20,000 against 5,000 of our troops.

Happily, everything is now arranged. The day before yesterday was the King of Bulgaria's Saint's day, and as, after all, he is an ally, and as I was aware that a Bulgarian battalion stationed here was celebrating Mass, I thought it well to be present. After Mass I inspected the battalion. I saluted the men, as is customary with them, and had them file past, after which I sent a telegram to King Ferdinand. The General representing the Bulgarian headquarters here was pale and trembling with emotion, and came to offer his thanks to me four times over. The King replied to me by a lengthy and warmly worded telegram, and they are now most amiable and our best friends. To-morrow is my Saint's day, and I shall go to the cathedral in great style. They have requested me to array my troops for the occasion. We are making progress, are we not? But I have my doubts as to whether it will last.

In reality, my life here is unbearable. I am watched like a prisoner. In the palace where I am residing there is half a company on each side, and sentries are placed in the avenues along the walls right down to the sea. There are gendarmes at the door. When

I have to go out, I have first to advise the police, who send out policemen along all the streets and patrols on horseback into the country. It is very annoying, but probably inevitable, in view of the troublous times, as one cannot know what the Bulgarian "comitadjis" and the malcontents of Salonika might dare. In ordinary times I could not bear life under such conditions. I was not born to be Emperor of Russia.

Our cruiser, "Georges Averoff," has arrived. A great excitement prevails in the town. A crowd of people are going on board to visit the ironclad which won the two battles against the Turks. I shall also visit it to-morrow and congratulate the crew. It is eight months since these unfortunate men set foot on shore. They all feel much more at ease after the signing of the protocol with the Bulgarians. We certainly could no longer have borne such an existence, and we realize it the more now that the tension has been released. If only a conclusion could be reached and I could travel and take a little rest!

Salonika,

May 26th, 1913.

MY DEAR PAOLA,

I am now back again in Salonika, where I have been obliged to return on account of the Bulgarians. My journey was decided upon at 8 o'clock in the evening, and I left the following morning, although I was not certain that I should not find war in progress here, where there had been fighting already for the past two days.

It is difficult to describe the ill-will of our Allies.

I came here in a cruiser, which made twenty-five miles an hour. Fortunately, the weather was fine.

You cannot imagine the volume of business I had to attend to in Athens, my whole day was taken up with current business, interviews with Ministers, etc., in addition to which, having the Supreme Command of the army on Saturday, I had long conferences with the Chief of Staff, and when I thought I had finished, again he returned every hour of the day and night to consult me, so that I did not even know whether I should arrive in time for lunch and dinner.

The other day I arrived at my brother's half an hour late, when the others had already finished. In spite of this, however, I am well aware that my failure to write to you more often is unpardonable, and it is, indeed, extremely good of you to continue to show me such kindness, but, believe me, by the evening I feel quite stupefied and exhausted, and reply to nobody. I have letters from the German Emperor, the King of England, the King of Denmark, the King of Norway, etc., which have been awaiting attention for the past two months, but you are so indulgent and kind towards me that I feel exceedingly sorry for my apparent neglect. I thank you most heartily for the bottles of port and the neckties—which are indeed most beautiful—which you sent me, I am touched by the kind thought.

It was impossible for me to journey to Berlin on the occasion of the marriage which took place the day before yesterday, neither do I think it will be possible to go there for the Emperor's Jubilee. It does not seem to me that matters can be arranged so easily, but I still hope to be able to go in the autumn, if not before.

I did not think the port wine was so good as that which you sent me on other occasions, probably

because the labels of the bottles bore the portrait of your cousin.

You remember that, before the war, I wrote to you that my future and my prestige were at stake; in addition to that, I now have to direct the policy, a matter in which I have not hitherto concerned myself very much.

We are negotiating a new defensive alliance with the Serbs, and what will seem more strange to you is that we are negotiating a treaty with the Turks.

In ordinary life, that would be a horror, but politics seem to have quite a different moral sense.

As the questions with Turkey have been settled and there are no longer any interests between us which clash, and as they detest the Bulgarians, I think there will be no difficulty in concluding it. It was proposed to me by a Turkish General whom I made prisoner at Janina; I allowed him to leave for Constantinople, and yesterday he returned with the reply, the purport of which I do not yet know, but he wired me inquiring to whom he should communicate it. It is interesting, is it not?

The Bulgarians attacked us on Friday last on my right. There were 23,000 men against 4,000 of ours. They took three villages from us and I lost 450 men. I do not know what their losses were, but they must have been fairly heavy, because our artillery fire is much better than theirs. The morale of my troops is excellent. They are longing for a fight. It grieves me very much to have to say that Italy is, at the moment, our worst enemy among the Great Powers; that San Giuliano has suddenly discovered that if Greece owned both sides of the Corfu Straits, we should constitute a serious danger in the case of Italy, and he

told our Chargé d'Affaires that if we insisted he would declare war on us. That, as a matter of fact, is only because France is, for the moment, favourably inclined towards us, and Italy believes that, in the event of a European conflict, we should join France against her. And the great people who were so much in love with the Italians! Really, the world is too stupid. I asked the Conte di Torino, who was here on the occasion of my father's funeral, to request the King of Italy in my name to be more complaisant with us on the Albanian question. He burst out laughing.

Have you spoken to his brother Abruzzi? Was he polite and courteous? I am aware that this is a stupid question, but who could be otherwise than polite and courteous to a lady like you?

You say that my uniforms are badly made; naturally they are not a good fit now, seeing that I have lost thirteen kilograms during the war.

Tatoi,

July 26th, 1913.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Once more I am back in Tatoi. They are all here—my family, my mother, my brothers with their families and a fairly numerous suite. As you see, nothing is yet decided. It is possible that when you receive this letter we shall already be in the throes of war, in order not to lose the habit, so to speak. As you read *Le Temps*, did you read of an interview with me at Salonika? The description was very good, and the journalist who wrote it, a certain Mr. Puaud,¹ is a very

¹ He became eventually a rabid supporter of M. Venizelos and wrote very disparagingly about King Constantine.

congenial man, who knows many of my acquaintances in Paris. I have become "The Wandering Jew," spending two days at Salonika and then setting out again for Athens, where I have to control the policy and supervise the command of the army. It requires much of my attention. The disagreeable part is that when I am here I should like to be there; one can never know what may happen there, and I get anxious. When I am there and any news of any particular importance is received as regards politics, I should like to be here in order to discuss it with the Ministers. It is an exasperating state of things, and if it lasts much longer I fear my nerves will not stand the strain and that I shall become neurasthenic.

The other day I received, when at Salonika, some important news. It was 7 o'clock in the evening; I wirelessly to the Admiral, who sent a cruiser along. I at once left, and at 7 o'clock in the evening was at Athens. The distance is 280 miles, so that I travelled at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, which is equivalent to forty-five kilometres, plus an hour and twenty minutes by train. That is not bad as regards speed. When I am not too pressed for time, I leave at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and am at Calchis at 7 o'clock in the morning; there I take a special train which covers the whole distance in about eighteen hours. Now it is only a question of the four Prime Ministers going to Petersburg to agree on the apportionment, and if this proves impossible, we shall ask for an arbitration. The Bulgarians, however, are unwilling to go there unless they are given a guarantee beforehand that all their demands will be met. That is a nice method of negotiating! In the meantime, they require us to allow their troops to occupy the

territory at present in the hands of ourselves and the Serbs. That is what is called a "Condominium," but they will not even hear of their territory being occupied by our troops. They are indeed extraordinary, and I think that people in Europe are now beginning to realize it, and it is high time, for they have already created such a stir that, in the north, they became the sole topic. As to us, Europe thought that we had done nothing, and it is only now that they are beginning to understand that, after all, we also might possibly have done something.

The situation changes completely every moment. I came here yesterday because everything seemed to me to have calmed down again, and now matters are once more getting into a state of confusion.

The Bulgarians have attacked the Serbs. They have been repulsed, it is true, but this might very well be the beginning of a general rupture. I expect you notice the extraordinary effect all these worries and cares have on my moral state, do you not? I feel that the concluding lines of this letter incline to gloominess, which points to an oppressed and pessimistic state of mind. Please write me your impressions on the outlook. I shall probably be obliged to return hurriedly to Salonika, and, as a matter of fact, I have left the greater part of my documents there; and, into the bargain, cholera is breaking out among us. Fortunately, it is not too serious, as we take all necessary precautions in a civilized country, but among the Bulgarians it is very virulent.

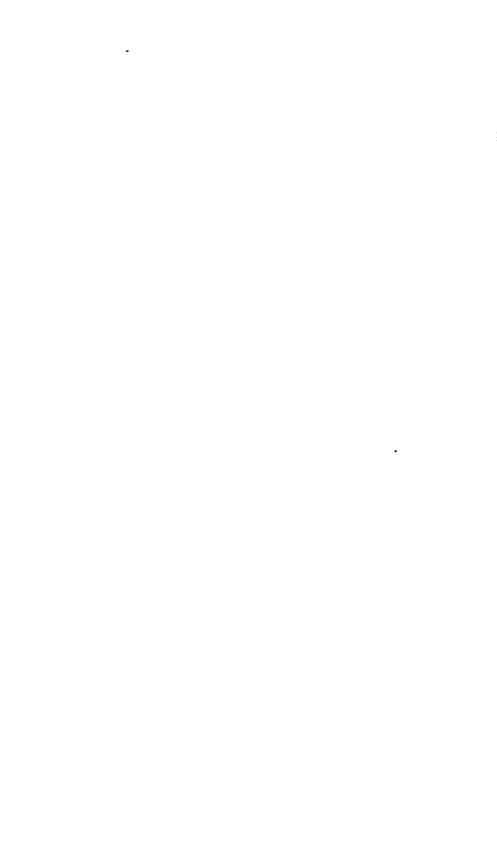
When I return to Salonika, I shall have myself vaccinated; my sons and my family have already done so. It seems to be very efficacious as a preventive. I am pleased to hear you have found an agreeable

companion to distract you, and I very much esteem your kind thought and remembrance. What delightful places you must have passed through! How I should like to go there! Do you still propose coming here? For the moment this would be impossible, but when the dangers of war are passed and I am settled here for the negotiations, you could then return.

I see from all the newspapers that they are having rain everywhere in Europe. Here we have forgotten the meaning of the word "rain."

SERBO-GREEK WAR AGAINST BULGARIA

1913



SERBO-GREEK WAR AGAINST BULGARIA

1913

Salonika,
July 1st, 1913.

MY DEAR PAOLA,

Events are being precipitated. The Bulgarians have attacked us and the Serbs all along the line. Without any reason, they commenced the day before yesterday at 11 o'clock at night, and now I am here, having hurriedly departed from Athens this morning as soon as the first news came to hand. I only remained absent for seven days, and thought that all was over and that even in the event of the Prime Ministers, who went to Petersburg to decide as to the division of the territory, not agreeing, there would have been an arbitration by the Emperor of Russia and some other sovereign. And I was the more convinced of this as Roumania has at last decided to move, and has caused it to be declared in Sofia and to the Great Powers that, in the event of war being resumed in the Balkans, she would not remain indifferent, and had also threatened to attack Bulgaria at the first shot fired, because she intended to maintain the balance of power in the Balkans, which would be destroyed if Bulgaria became too large a State. A war on three fronts at one and the same time is a very serious matter even for those vain-glorious Bulgarians, and I was just in conversation on the subject yesterday morning with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, when, suddenly, Venizelos rushed in with some dispatches sent from Salonika to the Admiral, asking for the assistance of the fleet and troops against the Bulgarians,

who were attacking us *en masse*. The despatches had been sent by wireless and were received at the wireless station at Athens. At the same time a telegram in cypher reached me. A pleasant surprise, was it not? There had been no declaration of war, so what was to be done? We decided to act as if there had been, and I wired from here giving orders for the whole of the army to advance immediately and to take all Bulgarians, who happened to be in the town, prisoners, which orders were carried out. Fighting took place all night around the houses occupied by the Bulgarians, and as if rifles and machine-guns were not sufficient, they blew up a few houses, using cannon for the purpose, and dynamited others. By 5 o'clock this morning all was over. At 9 o'clock, when I arrived, the city was as quiet and undisturbed as if nothing had happened. We have about twenty wounded and about ten dead, but the Bulgarians must have suffered very heavy losses. The houses which they occupied have immense holes in them, while the pavements, staircases, ceilings, etc., are all in ruins. The Bulgarians had been almost entirely forsaken by their officers, who had sought refuge in a wine cellar. Those who did not give themselves up yesterday, surrendered this morning, which is not very valiant after having beaten *the big drum so much!* We put them all on board two vessels—1,400 altogether—and they are already on the way to Old Greece. That is a good beginning, and the morale of my troops is excellent.

I do not remember whether in my last letter I told you that we had had a conflict with the Bulgarians a day or two ago, in which they took about twenty prisoners from us. After that, we came to terms and agreed upon a neutral zone, and everything was then

once again in order. Nevertheless, they would not agree to return our prisoners, and I sent a request to Czar Ferdinand, but to no purpose. We then did likewise, and the most extraordinary thing is that they protested to Athens and Belgrade, complaining that it was we who attacked them. That was really too much! They seem quite gifted in turning events in their favour, these poor little Bulgarians. It is always they who are the most wronged, yet you can scarcely conceive how treacherous they are. For a moment I thought they had concluded a treaty with Roumania, now I think it must have been their Generals who were attacking us on their own initiative, and that their Government merely wanted to carry out a piece of bluff, to keep Europe under the threat of a war and show the great danger of another conflict—but that is a dangerous game which may end in disaster, as I hope it will. Pray that it may!

If Roumania intervened it would mean the end of Bulgaria. The Serbs have been attacked with 100,000 men and are asking me to help them. I have issued my orders, and to-morrow morning we attack with eight divisions, that is, 120,000 men.

It will not be we who will have provoked this war. On the contrary, we have done our utmost to prevent it. I, personally, have done all that was humanly possible. *They wanted it.*

Right is with us, and I trust in God's help! It will be a harder task than with the Turks, but we have stout hearts.

I do not know whether I shall be able to write to you on the occasion of your birthday, so, in the meantime, I send you all my best wishes for every possible happiness, and that all your desires may be gratified.

*Leuburneo,**July 21st. 1913.*

MY DEAR PAOLA,

In the first place, excuse my writing in pencil, but in this out-of-the-way place in which I find myself—a small Bulgarian village, almost entirely in ruins—ink is not easily obtainable. There are only five houses standing, but what houses! I have left my aides-de-camp behind and the greater part of my staff (with the exception of Levidis, the Council directing Operations, and the heads of the various services which are absolutely indispensable), as there is no means of billeting. I do not hope to remain here long, as we are advancing very rapidly, with God's help, although there are great obstacles to be overcome, as we are proceeding along the River Struma, in a narrow valley between mountains so high that they prevent our deploying our artillery; while the Bulgarians, these Mongols, are putting up a desperate fight and are destroying even the smallest bridges and digging enormous holes along the streets to prevent our passing, all of which damage we have to repair at night, and it retards our progress. Nevertheless, we beat them in every instance. What events have taken place since my last letter! We had embarked on a terribly dangerous undertaking, and I was in a by no means enviable state of mind. How could we decide to take such a terrible step as to enter upon another war? Thank God they compelled us to take it! Had we been beaten, it would indeed have been all over with us—and I mean that in all sincerity! And while we were deliberating, the way was suddenly cleared.

When I left Salonika I did not yet know whether

war really would come; we had already fought so often, and you will have read about this curious situation in the papers. The battle opened up on a front of about eighty kilometres. There were seventy-four battalions and about 100 cannon against eighty-eight Bulgarian battalions and 120 cannon. They were very strongly fortified indeed, and possessed also fortress artillery, of which we have absolutely none. The battle lasted three days, and thanks to God and to the dash and the incredible bravery of my splendid troops, we beat them all along the line and drove them from their trenches at the point of the bayonet: I took about thirty cannon. We suffered terrible losses. More than 1,000 men were put out of action, 200 officers in addition to eight commanders, six of whom died. It is horrible. But the object was worth the painful sacrifice. For eight days I pursued them unceasingly day and night. My troops were so weary that a few of the infantry committed suicide, for they were unable to march any longer. But the Bulgarians were beaten and there was no escape for them. We found the roads covered with war material and men dying from fatigue. I thought I hated the Turks, but my hatred for them is nothing compared with what I feel for these people, whose methods are incredibly barbarous. Wherever they can, they set fire to everything and kill right and left; they violate the women and young girls, and, for the most part, murder them afterwards.

I have telegraphed to almost all the kings and heads of the different States, as a protest, and King Ferdinand contradicted me in the *Daily Mail*. Did you read my reply to him in the *New York Herald*? Bourdon, of the *Figaro*, was here yesterday, as also was a corre-

spondent of the *New York Herald*. They went before us, and in a meadow they found the corpses of about thirty notables whom the Bulgarian soldiers had captured at Serres and, either because they fled in such haste and could not take them with them, or because they had not paid the ransom demanded, they were butchered in a most horrible fashion. Their hands, ears and noses had been cut off, their eyes gouged out, and they had been disembowelled; from the expression of their poor faces one could very well see that they had been mutilated before being actually done to death. Two, who had attempted to flee, had been caught, and their heads beaten to a pulp with the butt end of the rifle; a rifle was found near them with the butt-end all bloodstained and covered with hair. How is it possible for human beings to commit such atrocities? And ought they not all to be exterminated? The war correspondents were indignant and furious. At last a European has been witness to the truth as regards these people who have thrown so much dust in the eyes of Europe and pretended that they are a civilized race. They have committed worse acts than were ever committed by the Turks in all the history of the cruelties practised by them. Here they have butchered more than 6,000 human beings, including three archbishops, priests, women and children. All this tends to spur my troops on all the more, and we are inflicting considerable losses on them. We are the only ones who display any energy at all in the operations. The methods of the Serbians are rather antiquated; they think they can beat the Bulgarians by waging a war of tactics, instead of closing their eyes and rushing forward, as we do. The Roumanians are advancing in the open. They have

no enemy to face, as the Bulgarians are surrendering. What a downfall for a nation! It is a real tragedy. To have reached the height of their aspirations, and then, through pride, to tumble down to the very bottom. And how pleased I am that it should be we, poor little Greece, despised and derided, who gave them the *coup de grâce*! What satisfaction to our *amour propre*! Do you think that I am too elated at my victories? I trust not. That would be dangerous. Moreover, I think the Bulgarians have had enough of war. They have sent a General to Nish, in Serbia, that city being nearer, to negotiate on the battlefield. On my initiative, we replied that we would sign the peace preliminaries, but without any armistice. Therefore, hostilities are continuing in order not to allow the Bulgarians time to recover. By making peace ourselves on the battlefield, we prevent the Great Powers from interfering and upsetting everything. We are very well acquainted with the methods of these Great Powers! We will impose our conditions on Bulgaria, sword in hand, and if the Great Powers don't like it, we don't care. They can make any changes after, at a conference or any other gathering, but, in the meantime, Bulgaria will know what to expect from us, and above all from me. Thus I hope we shall conclude a lasting peace. Here we are at about twenty kilometres from the Bulgarian frontier and about eighty from Sofia.

I fear you must feel somewhat bored by my warfare and politics. Are you? Yet it does me so much good to write to you on these matters, and, moreover, you are always so good and kind to take so much interest in them.

There is cholera amongst the troops. The contagion

has come from the Bulgarians. Three days ago I lost one of my staff officers. He fell ill at 5 o'clock in the morning, and at midday he had succumbed. It is terrible! But he would never allow himself to be vaccinated, like my sons did, and they have a chance of escape. I assure you we are taking every precaution. Yesterday I came across ten men stricken with cholera who had been transported to the hospital. What an atrocious sight! I have just been informed that the Bulgarians are throwing corpses of men who have had cholera into the wells in the districts through which we shall have to pass. That is absolutely against the Hague Convention. What a beastly thing to do!

You need not worry now. Everything will turn out all right; I trust to God, Who will help us to the end, and I am pleased that you have become more devout: only, don't exaggerate as you did one day at Tatoi, when you almost gave me a fright, do you remember? The icon that I ordered for you from Russia has at last reached Athens and on my return I will forward it to you. Did you receive the telegram I sent you on the occasion of your birthday? The telegraph service is so congested that your reply has not reached me.

The present is not a suitable time to come to Greece, but as soon as I am settled at Athens or Tatoi, I will wire you to come. I hope you are well? You would be less bored than at Corfu, where there are no facilities—absolutely none. It is now late. I must go to bed. . . . I rise so early, generally between six and seven, because they make such a din below my windows, where all the guns pass by. I think that anybody with weaker nerves could not sleep at all.

When I arrived here, the day before yesterday, I found a bug in my cap. What a pleasant surprise !

I still continue to do my Swedish exercises, as you advised me to do at Tatoi, and the results are beginning to be beneficial.

THE WORLD WAR, 1914-18

THE WORLD WAR, 1914-18

On the 31st July, 1914, the German Emperor telegraphed to Constantine, appealing to all his family ties and friendship, as a Field Marshal in the German army, a fact of which Germany was proud, and in the interests of Greece herself, to intervene in the conflict on the side of the Central Empires; and on the reply from the King, which fully explained the reasons for his neutrality, the Emperor wrote (in the margin) "Nonsense."¹

On the 4th August the Emperor telegraphed once more insisting and using threats, but the King remained inflexible.²

Admiral Mark Kerr in the *Morning Post*, on December 11th and 13th, 1920, wrote as follows:—

The plan for the attack on the Dardanelles which His Majesty allowed me to acquaint the Admiralty that they could have, and which I telegraphed a brief outline of, would have been of the greatest value had it been used. There was no hesitation on the King's part in allowing the Allies to have this plan, though in doing so he actually broke neutrality, as it involved a most extensive use of the Greek Secret Service in its production.

With regard to the statement that King Constantine deserted Serbia, this is an entire misconception of the

¹ The German documents of Count Mongelas relating to the outbreak of war.

² King Constantine read this telegram to Admiral Mark Kerr, expressing to him his indignation at the interference on the part of the Emperor in the internal affairs of Greece.

affair. The truth was, in fact, the exact opposite. Many months before the Great War commenced, Turkey purchased two Dreadnoughts from the British Government, and at the same time had lately concluded a commercial treaty with Bulgaria. M. Venizelos came to the conclusion that Turkey and Bulgaria were about to attack Greece anew. Serbia was appealed to, in the event of Greece being confronted by these two enemies, to be ready to place 150,000 men on the eastern frontier in accordance with the treaty made with Greece some years before. To the surprise of King Constantine and his Prime Minister, Serbia declined, giving eight reasons for doing so. Among these reasons were the following: "Her army was tired and could not fight another war. The treaty with Greece did not apply to the situation, having been made previously to the last war."

Thus was the treaty between the two countries annulled by Serbia herself, by her refusal to come to the aid of Greece, and her explanation of that refusal.

At the beginning of the Great War, King Constantine sent his Military Attaché to the Serbian Headquarters, suggesting that the General Staffs should make a plan together in order that Greece could help Serbia in the event of Bulgaria attacking her. The Serbs replied that they had new Allies, and that they required all their forces on the Northern frontier, and they did not believe that Bulgaria was coming into the war against them. In spite of this reply King Constantine again ordered his Military Attaché to see them, and to say that he knew for certain that Bulgaria was going to attack Serbia whenever she was ordered to by Germany. The Serbians replied that they did not believe in Bulgaria's hostility, but if Greece would undertake to defend their frontier as well as the Grecian one, they would send 100,000 Second Class troops to assist them. Of course, this

was absurd, as Bulgaria had an army of double the size to attack with, and the Serbian reinforcements only brought the Greek army up to 190,000 equipped men, who were short of munitions and transport; and these were to be asked to defend a frontier over double the length of what the Greek army normally had to contain. Even now King Constantine did not refuse aid to the Serbians, in spite of all that had occurred. He told them that he would not come in on these terms, but he would supply them with munitions, which he did.

I will now give some of the telegrams which passed between the German Emperor and King Constantine, followed by a list of the times when Greece offered to come in with, or was asked to come in by the Allies, and her answers to their requests.

On July 31st, 1914, the German Emperor telegraphed to the King of the Hellenes, asking him to join Germany, insisting that it "is in the interests of Greece to join Germany as against Russia," and threatening that otherwise their relations would suffer for good.

On August 2nd King Constantine replied :

"It is impossible for us to make common cause with the enemies of Serbia, who is our Ally. The interests of Greece demand an absolute neutrality."

In reply to this the Kaiser noted on the margin, "To communicate to Athens that I have concluded an alliance with Turkey and Bulgaria, and I shall treat Greece as an enemy unless she immediately joins us."

Meanwhile, on August 4th, 1914, the Greek Minister at Berlin reported to King Constantine :

"The Kaiser has asked me to inform you that an alliance has been concluded to-day between Germany and Turkey. Bulgaria and Roumania also join

Germany. He appealed urgently to you to march hand-in-hand with him against the common enemy—Slavism. If Greece does not side with Germany all relations between Greece and Germany shall cease."

To this King Constantine, on August 7th, 1914, replied:

"After serious reflection I do not see how I could help you, even if I mobilized at once my army. The Mediterranean is at the mercy of the Anglo-French fleets, which would destroy both our Royal and Mercantile Marine. They would take our islands, and prevent the concentration of my army, which can only be carried out at sea. Thus, without being able to be useful to you in anything, we should be wiped off the map. We must maintain an absolute neutrality. I can only refrain from attacking your friends (Bulgaria and Turkey) as long as they do not touch our interests."

In the Venizelist "White Book," which appeared in French in Athens in 1917 under the title "Ministère des Affaires Étrangères Documents Diplomatiques 1913-1917," appears a memorandum by M. G. Streit on the probable results of the war, dated March 25th, 1915, Athens, dealing with the effects upon Greece and Bulgaria respectively in case of the victory or of the defeat of the Entente Powers.

It is both remarkable and illuminating that in this memorandum, which was submitted by M. Streit to a Crown Council, whereas in dealing with the attitude of Bulgaria M. Streit considers three alternatives:

1. Bulgaria in alliance with the Entente,
2. Bulgaria as neutral,
3. Bulgaria as an enemy of the Entente.

in dealing with the attitude of Greece he does not for a single moment contemplate more than two alternatives:

1. Greece as an ally of the Entente,
2. Greece as neutral.

Further, in the course of the argument which follows the above statements, M. Streit discusses a possible understanding between Greece on the one side and Roumania and Bulgaria on the other side, with the object of either

1. A common neutrality—or, failing that,
2. A simultaneous entry into war on the side of the Entente—"aux côtés de laquelle seule nous pouvons nous ranger." (French edition, page 17.)

On August 19th, 1914, King Constantine expressed himself as willing to enter the war on the side of the Entente, offering for the purpose the whole of his army, and only stipulating, on the advice of the General Staff, that the Greek forces should not be moved to any place where they could not, if need arose, operate against Bulgaria. To this offer the Entente replied by asking Greece to keep quiet—lest Turkey should be alarmed and join the Central Powers.

In April, 1915, the King of Greece, the General Staff, and the Premier, M. Gounaris, conveyed through their Foreign Minister, M. Zographos, a proposal to the three Entente Powers that Greece should enter the war on their side with her whole army and navy on condition that the Entente Powers should guarantee the territorial integrity of Greece against depredation on the part of Bulgaria!

To this offer—the third made by King Constantine—the Entente Government sent no answer.

In May, 1915, M. Gounaris made another offer to the Entente Powers, dropping all stipulations except the request that they should not of their own initiative offer Kavalla (won by Greece in the Balkan War of 1913) to the Bulgars over the head of Greece. The Entente Powers replied, unofficially only, that they

could not give the assurance required for fear of cooling off Bulgaria. (Our Foreign Office, apparently, did not know that Bulgaria was already pledged to Germany.)

In September, 1916, King Constantine made a definite offer to Russia, and through her to the Entente Powers (the offer being made through his brother, Prince Nicholas, then in Petrograd) to come in unconditionally on the side of the Entente.

Russia replied that the offer must come from the Cabinet and not from the Court.

On September 19th, 1916, therefore, the Greek Premier, through the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, M. Karapanos, declared his resolution to come in as soon as Greece, with the help of the Entente, had accomplished the repair of her military forces.

With regard to the alleged assault on Allied troops on January 1st, the following extracts from Admiral Dartige du Fournet's book, and the evidence of Count Mercati, the King's Chamberlain, show that the whole story is a mistake. The Admiral blames the French Minister for the mess.

P. 180. Telegram, November 5th, 1916.

"I think the King must be held to his engagement, which he made of his own free will. In particular I call your attention to the importance of having the seventy-five mountain artillery handed over to us."

Page 180.

"The Minister of Marine seemed to ignore the wise counsels of M. Bearez. The King did not enter into direct relations with the Roi Royal. . . . The Minister, urged on by the Navy Attaché, obstinately insisted in exactions without and without making any concessions."

P. 181. Telegram from the Minister of Marine, October 23rd.

"I beg you will insist energetically on the execution of all the engagements, employing all the necessary troops: it would be advantageous to compose them not only of our own landing parties, but also of those from the English ships."

Note.—The French Minister was also hostile to an amicable arrangement; he was, however, more logical than the Minister of Marine, for, without openly saying so, he was not in favour of demanding arms of Greece, and his English and Russian colleagues were still less so.

P. 188.

"On November 16th the Admiral sent to the Greek Prime Minister a letter in which he demanded the war material. On November 21st the Greek Government formally refused to give up arms."

P. 196. November 22nd.

"The Ministers of the Central Powers were expelled from Athens."

Pp. 197-199.

"On November 23rd the Admiral, with the consent of the Allied Ministers, sent a new demand calling for ten mountain batteries to be surrendered by December 1st, at latest, the rest of the material having to be given up before December 16th. If he did not receive satisfaction, he would be obliged to take necessary steps in accordance with the situations, from December 1st onwards."

P. 200.

"The Army of the Orient, ravaged by malaria, had 60 per cent. sick, and its reserves were reduced to an almost negligible quantity."

P. 201. November 27th.

"I saw the King this morning, and he prot

his goodwill, and gave as a proof the fact that he himself, on his own initiative, had sent back the two classes serving with the colours, and this has never been recognized; but the affair of the material has so much excited popular opinion, especially that of the army, that he feels unable to control it. I replied that, my order being definite, I would on Friday, December 1st, land the necessary forces and impose the will of the Entente. My personal opinion is that the King, not having received the guarantees for which he had hoped, which are detailed in my telegram of November 6th, considers himself free from his promises, and is not at all anxious to keep them."

P. 202. Guarantees.

"I think still that the King will not resist energetic pressure, but that since the Allied Governments did not think fit to give him the guarantees he asked for, guarantees expressly laid down in the texts of the demand accepted by him, and mentioned in my telegrams 11834531, pressure is indispensable."

Note—November 25th Admiral Dartige de Fournet sent his aide-de-camp to the King's Chamberlain, Count Mercati, saying that he heard there were some fortifications made on Stadium Hill (that day an aeroplane was seen reconnoitring over this Hill and the Royal Palace). Having reported this matter to His Majesty, the King sent Count Mercati at once with the Admiral's aide-de-camp to go and visit the Hill, and see for himself that the said report was false. The aide-de-camp, after having seen the place, apologized for the unnecessary trouble, and said that the King would give the Admiral an answer.

Admiral Dartige's book, p. 214, says that it was to a rumour that a battery had been placed on Stadium, he sent one of his aide-de-camp, who was

conducted by Count Mercati to the place, and established the fact that no guns were there.

Note.—On November 27th, the Admiral had his audience, and insisted on the King ceding the material, adding that his orders were to carry the affair through and to impose the will of the Entente Governments, according to their ultimatum on December 1st. The King replied that, as the Government had already stated, the public opinion and the army were so excited that he felt unable to withstand their feelings. The Admiral referred to the preservation of order at Athens, as he had been told by Venizelists that several of their houses and shops had been marked with red crosses (a statement which he himself doubted, as on p. 202 of his book he remarks, "In Greece it is extremely difficult to find out the truth and to act in accordance with it"). Next day the King, after investigation, ordered the Chamberlain to write the following letter (p. 208 of Dartige's book):

Athens,

November 15-18th, 1916.

"MONSIEUR L'AMIRAL,

"By order of H.M. King I have the honour to send you the assurance of my august master that neither the persons, nor the private houses, nor the shops, of Venizelist partisans have anything to fear. The police and the authorities for maintaining order will exercise the strictest watch, and will guarantee their safety.

"These assurances are, of course, given on the formal condition that neither the Secret Police in the service of the Allied Powers, nor the landing parties, will arrest or deport Hellenic subjects, and that Venizelist partisans will abstain from committing any act of excess which might provoke reprisals.

"Please receive, etc.

"(Signed) MERCATI."

Note.—This letter has nothing to do with the question of surrendering the material or of landing, but exclusively with the maintenance of public order, referred to by the Admiral in his audience of the 27th. Dartige's book, pp. 202–208.

In the audience of November 27th :

"I spoke to the King about the preservation of order in Athens, and told him I would see to it myself if he were unable to guarantee it."

In reply the King did not say he could be responsible for the maintenance of order: he only promised to examine the situation, and would let me know his impressions. On November 29th, I received an official letter from Count Mercati, containing a formal promise.

Note.—In the morning of November 30th General Bousquier, Military Attaché and Head of the French Military Mission in Athens, went to see the King. His Majesty told him that great excitement prevailed in the Army and among the people. (See p. 212.) That very day the officers held a meeting at the Military Club, and declared that they were going to oppose the surrender of arms, even against the King's will. The King had sent to the officers both the Crown Prince and Prince Andrew to quiet them, and in the meantime he tried to ascertain the political situation and the possibility of forming a new Cabinet. During the day the excitement among the officers and people increased, and threats were uttered of having a military demonstration if the surrender of arms was insisted upon. The King himself went to Divisional Headquarters of the Army.

Note.—6.30 p.m. The King sent Count Mercati to Admiral Dartige, whom he found at the French Legation with the Entente Ministers. Mercati

the King's name, thanked the Admiral for his good offices during the troubled period, but since the morning the situation had grown worse, and the irritation amongst the public and the officers had increased, so that even if he wished it, the King could not change the Government, as no one under the circumstances would take the responsibility, and therefore he begged the Admiral to try and find a solution, but his (the Admiral's) orders were strictly to carry out the instructions he had received, and to prove that the Powers' demands were not empty words, but to be enforced: personally he was very sorry that he had not been consulted, and that before coming to this extremity they did not allow him to settle the matter. In accordance with his instructions he had already ordered two batteries at Corfu to be seized; and asked the Chamberlain to tell the King that the troops that were to be landed would not be Colonial troops, but Regulars, that he was going to take possession of four or five posts, like the Zappeion (where a French company had been quartered for a month past), where he would establish troops, and, to avoid bloodshed, he begged the King to give orders for the Greek troops not to fire first.

Before leaving the Admiral, Count Mercati, knowing the King's anxiety and distress at the tension existing, asked if it would not be possible for the time of the ultimatum to be extended, so that some means might be found of healing the breach. The Admiral replied that he was very sorry nothing could be done, and the ultimatum would expire at midnight. Mercati went back to the Palace, and told the King, and His Majesty ordered him to go to General Gallaris, commanding the Army Corps in Athens, and direct him to issue strict orders that under no circumstances were the Greek troops to fire first. The following order was accordingly issued:

" To all Corps :

" *In execution of Confidential Order 2,725 of the Corps, order all your detachments not, under any pretext, to fire first at the Foreign troops.*

" (Signed) YANNAKISSAS,
" General of Division."

P. 213.

On the evening of the 30th, I went to the daily conference of the Allied Ministers. These gentlemen were naturally very much moved. They spoke to me about the surrender of the cannons the previous day, and asked if, having once obtained the ten batteries, it would not be possible to waive the demand for the rest of the armament. I replied that if it lay with me I should not oppose them, but that my orders being imperative, it was for them to obtain permission from their Government. During this gathering Count Mercati, Chamberlain, came to the Legation, and asked to speak to me. He said the King felt events were passing beyond his control, and, like the Allied Ministers, asked if, after having received the ten batteries, they would waive the surrender of the rest of the armament. I naturally replied that I could not take it upon myself to give such a promise. I had the impression that the Legations had already received a similar request. After Count Mercati had gone, I went back to these gentlemen and told them what had passed. They did not seem to be seriously uneasy.

Thus those people who had always desired to provoke a crisis in Greece and a rupture with the Greek Government, those people whose actions at Athens and in Paris had most contributed to bring things to a head, those people did not believe in any serious resistance.

*Tatoi,**October 18th, 1915.*

MY DEAR PAOLA,

I am availing myself of the departure of a Greek Consul leaving for Germany to send you this letter, which I hope will reach you without being opened by the Censor.

I find it more difficult to make up my mind to sit down and begin a letter than to advance under fire.

I humbly ask your pardon, although this time I have a valid excuse.

For some months I have been seriously ill; since the end of April up to about a month ago I was so weak that to hold a pen was painful, as my wound has not yet quite healed. Moreover, I did not want the Censor to see what I was writing to you.

As they are displeased with me, they would be capable of publishing my letter.

Countess B. tells me that she no longer writes to her intimate relations because her letters are opened.

I have not yet completely regained my strength, as my convalescence has been rather a stormy time, while what I required was plenty of rest.

During my illness, and when I was still between life and death, the elections took place, which resulted in Venizelos gaining a majority; but as it was absolutely impossible for me to attend to any serious matters of business, the Ministry had to remain and postpone the meeting of the Chamber for one month. On May 16th I was brought here in an ambulance. I was still so weak that I was even unable to hold a knife and fork to eat, but the splendid invigorating air very soon enabled me to regain my strength.

A month after, I had the first interview with Venizelos to tell him to form his Ministry, and the conversation with him, which was rather heated, gave me some fever, as the extremely feverish condition in which I had lain for so long had also affected my heart, the beats increased to as much as 155. Everybody expected I should die, and it was only my exceptional robust constitution that saved me.

In the end, the relations between myself and Venizelos went from bad to worse, and when they reached the height I caught influenza, and had once more to take to my bed.

As is usual, the influenza attacked me at the weakest spot, namely, the wound resulting from the operation I underwent on June 4th.

At first it was fifteen centimetres long, but had almost healed up. During the influenza, they had to reopen it, and the first day it ran so much that they were obliged to change the dressings four times. Besides this, I had fever and excruciating headache, yet I had to get up every day to discuss matters with Venizelos. You can imagine my sufferings, as I also had the rubber tube in the wound, and I still lie in bed after three weeks.

Finally, on the last day, when he left, I had a discussion with him for more than an hour and a half, and the struggle between the two wills, of which he proved the stronger, exhausted me so much that I was only with difficulty that I was able to draw a breath to bed.

Since then I have been feeling much better, but I have lost ten kilo-grammes in weight, and I shall not completely recover when they remove the rubber tube.

from my back, which I hope they will do in a few days.

We are not engaged in German politics, but purely Greek politics, and they pretend not to understand it.

Our position is anything but easy, but I hope, with much perseverance and energy, to derive some advantage from it. Matters are complicated to such an extent as could never have been thought possible, while the political situation changes every minute; it seems to me that they have all completely lost their bearings and are committing incredible stupidities.

Just think of what is happening here in the Balkans; here we also have the Entente arriving, but late, as usual, like the police.

When their troops arrive, Serbia will have ceased to exist, at least for some time. The only diplomat who sees clearly here is Count Bosdari.

I feel grieved and offended at the manner in which you are being treated; it is yet one more proof that they are quite out in their reckoning. Could they not watch you just as easily at your home as in Turin? In any case, you must be more dangerous than I had imagined; they ought at least to defray your hotel expenses since they compel you to remove so frequently.

Note.—In spite of the neutrality of Greece, and while pretending to wish to respect it and not to ask her to participate in the war, the Entente attempted to force Greece to intervene in the conflict on their side disembarking troops at Salonika. It was also during the serious illness of the King that Germany increased to some extent her propaganda in Greece.

*Athens,**December 5, 1915*

MY DEAR PAOLA,

From a Greek gentleman here who had undertaken to carry a most innocent letter, I learn that it was taken from him on his journey through Italy. That is very encouraging for me!!

Now I can talk to you a little about my health, in which, by the way, you do not seem particularly interested.

The day before yesterday, Monday, they at last removed the tube which has been in my side exactly six months and, provided I do not catch influenza or other similar troublesome affection, my wound, which is a large and deep one, will heal up in a day or so. Generally, I feel even a little better and do not suffer the fatigue I did at first.

I seem to be getting accustomed to mental shocks. I no longer lose my temper over the tricks which the Entente play me one after another. For all that, however, I am none the less resolved to remain neutral; they may resort to any artifices they like and use any means they care to in order to bring pressure to bear upon me. But what annoys me more than anything is their Jesuitism, which is called in English "cant". Indeed they pretend to be too godly for this wicked world, while, in reality, they are just the opposite. They make a terrible commotion about the spread of German propaganda, and are indignant when reference is made to that carried out by themselves, for they have flooded the world with their money in order to secure votes in favour of Venizelos' policy. Fortunately, this does not take on.

The French Minister is an impossible man,¹ the two Ministers, he and the Englishman,² are indulging in politics on their own accord and endeavouring to display some zeal.

I have had occasion to reproach the former several times, and have absolutely refused to break bread with the other in honour of Lord Kitchener, and now they are a little more polite to me, but they worry my old friend, the President of the Council,³ who is suffering from heart trouble, so much that his features have become quite livid; above all, what is most hurtful is that they pretend to believe that I will attack them in the rear while they are engaged with the Bulgarians!!

I have given my word of honour that I will not do so, and I never had any such intention. Nevertheless they continue in their belief. I sent word to their Governments to the effect that I have always been a man of integrity, and that I am known as such in Europe, that I could not have changed my character within twenty-four hours, and that, finally, if they wanted to base their negotiations on my bad faith, I would henceforth agree to nothing and would refuse absolutely to treat with them. That made them more tractable. Their military representatives at Salonika despair of them, and General Sarrail sent word and asked to see me personally. Among military men matters are always much easier to arrange.

In regard to this question of Salonika and the expedition to Macedonia, it is the French who are

¹ Guillemin.

² Sir Francis Elliot.

³ Etienne Scouloudis, an octogenarian, presided over a Cabinet consisting of all the Ex-Presidents of the Hellenic Councils, except Venizelos.

causing all the trouble. Since the Serbs were defeated, there is no longer any object in sending the Expedition, but as Briand, after grave mistakes, fears he may fall again, he insists on going on.

Yesterday evening I received news that they are beaten and being pursued by the Bulgarians, but my troubles will begin when they re-enter Greek territory. (See Note 1.)

I cannot allow the Bulgarians to enter; in this case it would mean a revolution in the country; if I protect the Anglo-French, the others will declare war on me, so you see in what an enviable position they place me! However, I hope that matters will be arranged.

The British want to leave, because they realize that there is no longer any use for the Expedition; the French want to remain to satisfy their *amour propre* and for reasons affecting home politics, and I consider it would be stupid on the part of the British to make sacrifices for reasons of that nature.

We are in perfect agreement with Lord Kitchener (see note 1). From the military point of view he was absolutely of my opinion.

He regarded the expedition as useless for the reason that it has been carried out too late and was not strong enough.

You see, in the Entente, politics have the advantage over military considerations, and in war time no greater mistake could be made.

Their policy is absolutely wrong.

Note 1.—King Constantine and Skouloudis assured Lord Kitchener that the Allies had nothing to fear in Greece, and Lord Kitchener was impressed by this

and convinced, so much so, that he wrote, "Both seemed to me to have decided definitely to remain strictly neutral." ("Life of Kitchener," Vol. III, pp. 202-3.)

E. Denys Cochin even went as far as to announce publicly that any suspicion, kindled by Venizelos, against the person of King Constantine, was absolutely without foundation. The opinion of two such prominent personalities who had studied the situation on the spot was of considerable importance.

Note 2.—With regard to the accusations of espionage and submarine bases, at the Imperial Palace in Corfu and on the coast of Greece, German propaganda, etc., in his book G. F. Abbott states as follows :

"Like the other capitals of neutral countries, Athens had become a centre for intrigue and espionage, where everyone on the belligerent groups was working for the best. Thus the Franco-British had in their pay filibusters who, being secretly remunerated for their services, discovered every day some new bases for clandestinely revictualling, meeting the Allied ships from one point to another on the coast of Greece. In this connection the Commander in Chief of the Allied Naval Forces, Admiral du Fournet, who was entrusted to verify these reports, wrote as follows :

"None of these reports has ever been found to be true; the greater part of them were also evidently absurd; there was a certain number of scoundrels who lived by trafficking in false news of this description."

"All these stories of revictualling submarines were entirely inventions."

Admiral Mark Kerr, in an article to the *Morning Post* of December 11th and 13th, 1920, wrote as follows :

"For the first year of the war, at least, Greece was

accused of fuelling and victualling German submarines. Whenever the British Legation informed me of these reports I sent British officers to investigate at the suspected place. In no instance was the report found to be true! In 1917 Admiral Fatou, the French Admiral of Patrols, told me that he had found out that all these stories about supplying the submarines were fabrications. Admiral Dartige also corroborates this information as being false. Personally, I am convinced that the agents who supplied this information to the Allied Legations were in German pay, and were working to produce ill-feeling between the Greeks and the Entente Powers."

Admiral Dartige du Fournet in his book, p. 304, says:

"The revelations of the Venizelist Press regarding the supposed revictualling of German submarines in Greek waters is a tissue of absurd legends."

The clear judgment of the King and his patriotism in obstinately maintaining neutrality cannot be questioned. The King was interpreting the feeling of his people, who wanted to remain neutral.

On November 23rd, 1915, J. M. N. Jeffries wrote in the *Daily Mail*:

"The people, terrified, are following with confidence the action of the King. In Greece, he alone counts."

General Sarrail was not convinced of this. At first he considered it necessary to blow up the magnificent bridge of Demir-Hissar, and accordingly the bridge was destroyed, completely cutting off the Greek forces in Macedonia, and incidentally making it clear to the enemy that the Allies did not propose to take any offensive on the Struma.

Afterwards, he saw fit to occupy the fortress of Kara-Burnu, which commands the entrance to the Gulf of Salonika. He occupied it in spite of a formal and solemn promise that he would not do so. Later, he considered the occupation of Florina necessary, and occupied it accordingly. I will refrain from passing any comment on these methods and the useless destruction of the bridge of Demir-Hissar—carried out by foreign troops in neutral territory! This, however, did not suffice. He considered it necessary to occupy Corfu with the remainder of the Serbian army. They occupied it. He saw fit to occupy Castello-rizzo, a Greek island off the coast of Asia Minor. They occupied it. They likewise occupied Suda Bay in Crete, and Argostoli Bay in Cephalonia, although all this constitutes a flagrant breach of the International Treaties (International Treaties of November 14th, 1863, and March 29th, 1864) which the Entente Powers had signed and which were as *sacred* as that concerning the neutrality of Belgium. Again, however, this did not suffice.

They arbitrarily arrested and deported foreign subjects, and the Allies even went so far as to shoot down Greek citizens because they were found in possession of a few proclamations which the Germans had dropped from an aeroplane.

Athens,

February 17th, 1916.

MY DEAR PAOLA,

It required the cunning of the Redskins to get my last long letter to you. I am afraid of ordinary correspondence, and one can only write in a more or less conventional manner, which is exceedingly annoying to me.

I expect you will have heard that there was a scandal in the Chamber here, one of the Deputy's having

insulted Italy on account of the despatch of Carabinieri to Corfu. There was no need for it and it was unwise, although, on the other hand, comprehensible; they treat us so badly that everybody is exasperated and excited and, moreover, we had on several occasions informed the Italian Government that such a measure would cause a stir in Greece.

How this war reveals the different characters, and how loathsome this world is! A veritable outburst of Jesuitism and hypocrisy! I should never have thought that even the British, who are usually so cool-headed and know what they want, would have lost their heads; but they feel so disgusted at that foolish expedition to Salonika—Lord Kitchener told me so himself; and they are obliged to go on because Briand insists.

I had a talk to-day with General Sarrail, and he spoke to me in terms of great praise of the strength of his lines and his works, but I am not altogether convinced on that score. The Germans took the Belgian fortresses, the strongest in Europe, in a fortnight. Just think what will happen to trenches, even five metres deep!

However, it seems to me that, as far as we are concerned, the Allies are beginning to realize that not only are we strictly neutral, but that we are still more resolved to remain so for the present, and they seem to me to be becoming somewhat more courteous. That is already an advantage, for they were becoming so unbearable that, at times, when at the height of exasperation, I asked myself whether it were better to resist or fight; I resisted and the most terrible will seems to have gained the upper hand.

I am playing a very dangerous game, but I am convinced that I am right, otherwise I would not act as I am doing.

Just imagine what would have happened if I had joined the Entente! They would not have sent me troops in sufficient numbers as usual, and I alone against the Germans, Austrians and the Bulgarians should have been crushed, and people to-day would be exclaiming: "Poor King of Greece, but what a hero!" because, you see, they console their victims by calling them heroes; but I do not aspire to such glory; I will save my country with God's help! That is more or less my position at present.

My health is improving. The doctors assure me that my heart and lungs are working satisfactorily.

I still have the wound in the side, which the physicians, *with all their science*, are keeping open, and which causes me such terrible pain, but they regard this as a minor detail, as it does not affect my general condition. They have promised to hurt me no more, but I believe they made too deep a cut and have touched or injured some nerve, because a few days ago the pain was so severe that I could scarcely speak.

It is indeed rather a lengthy process, it is almost a year now! Thanks for having asked me for news.

Athens.

MY DEAR PAOLA,

I am pleased to notice from what you write to me that I guessed your thoughts; you think like me, or I like you; just as you wish. Generally speaking, you are quite superior, not because your

opinions happen to be identical, but because once you have formed an opinion as the result of a logical and reasonable deduction, you adhere to it tenaciously until you have proof to the contrary. You likewise endeavour to get others to see things as they actually are, and not as they would like them to be. The mentality of the Entente Powers is such that they relate and accommodate everything to suit their own interests. How glad I should be if the end of this war, which is very tedious, were at all in sight! The uncertainty of the whole thing is beginning to sap my energies. I am in need of leave in order to take a rest, to see something else, to think of something else, to see new faces and spend some time in a different atmosphere. For four consecutive years, I have been in harness and dragging the load like a beast of burden without having had even a few months' leave. I have experienced the utmost annoyance, the most atrocious suffering, and have been ill and at death's door; so that I think I may say that I have really earned a little rest in order to recuperate both mentally and physically. To be able to talk to you about so many things in general! Your intelligence and your spirit charm me. Possibly you do not realize yourself how many times you have been a help and a comfort to me. I seem to see a slight undercurrent in the direction of peace in the public opinion, do you? Notwithstanding all the high-sounding phrases, I cannot believe that the war will finish very triumphantly for either the one side or the other. What do you think of Roumania? Does it not seem to you that the same thing would have happened to us if we had not remained neutral? Yet I thought Roumania was

be able to hold out longer. In spite of its fame, the Roumanian army did not, by far, put up such a good fight as we and the Serbs in 1913.

You have probably read in the papers that I have received a few cannon-shots: eleven shells fell around the Royal Palace, but fortunately without exploding with the exception of one which caused some injury and damage.

Note.—On April 5th the French and British Ministers informed Skouloudis of the decision of the Allies to transport the remainder of the Serbian Army, about 100,000 men, from Corfu to Salonika through Greece.

Skouloudis protested with all his might, drawing attention to the danger to the public health owing to the epidemics which were raging in the Serbian army, the inconvenience of interrupting the railway service, the suspension of traffic, etc., etc.

“Our Government do not ask your permission,” replied the French Minister, “but notify to you that the decision is taken.”

Skoudoulis was a spirited old man who jealously guarded the independence and prestige of his country—and resolved to defend it at any cost.

In the height of exasperation, he replied: “You have left us nothing, neither dignity, respect for ourselves, nor liberty, nor even the right to live as free men. Do not forget that there is a limit to all things.”

But it was only the intervention of the British Minister, who proposed to send the men through the Canal of Corinth, which saved Greece from this new injustice. (Skoudoulis-Semeioseis, pp. 33-36. White Book, Nos. 57-63.)

On July 1st General Sarrail received permission from Briand to proclaim a state of siege at Salonika. For some time past General Sarrail had aspired to become master in Greece "*Maitre chez soi*," but the delay on the part of the British Government had held him back. He took the opportunity which presented itself, and committed a further excess, choosing June 3rd, Constantine's birthday, to proclaim a state of siege while a *Te Deum*, on the occasion of the King's Saint's Day, was taking place at the Cathedral, ignoring the elementary duties of hospitality and etiquette, offering a fresh affront to the King and, further, violating the treaties of December 10th.

Atina,

July 23^d, 1916

MY DEAR PAOLA,

You have written me a letter by which I am exceedingly touched, and I am at a loss to know how to thank you for it. It is quite true that there is a spiritual and telepathic tie between us; what does it matter if sometimes you make mistakes in spelling? On the contrary, that makes your letters all the more personal and characteristic, because one can feel that, sometimes, you *translate from Italian*. It is very gratifying to me to have your assurance that neither politics nor newspapers will ever change anything between us.

The fire at Tatoi was a terrible disaster; the whole of the forest is burnt, the villa which I occupied, and the pavilion where you resided. Now I am in the large house where sometimes in the evening, after dinner, we used to solve puzzles. Do you remember?

The fire started about half-past ten in the evening, at about four kilometres from the Villa, near the road

and advanced with alarming rapidity. I was also there; we were obliged to leave a large part of the forest to burn, and return to within less than a kilometre from the Villa in an attempt to confine it. Unfortunately, it overtook us by encircling the hill on which I was standing; and when I perceived it was so near, it was too late, and every means of escape was cut off. I had to rush down into the ditch by the roadside and go down parallel to the fire, which followed me at a fantastic speed. I just had time to outrun it and return home. Those who followed me also succeeded in saving themselves, although there were already some unfortunate soldiers who, having fainted and fallen on the ground, were burning like torches. Three of my chauffeurs, who had attempted to save their cars, six soldiers, six employees on the estate and three of my officers, succumbed. To add to my misfortune, when I rushed down into the ditch, my heart, which had become weak owing to my illness, almost stopped beating, and had it not been for some soldiers who assisted me, I should also have perished. We still had time to save the whole of the contents of the Villa. My guards, the "Evzones," worked wonderfully well, and the infantrymen who had come to our aid when the fire was surrounding me, and who had lost sight of me, believing that I was still there, absolutely insisted on returning and going through the flames to search for me; it was only with great difficulty that they were convinced that, knowing as I did all the short cuts, I had succeeded in escaping.

Towards the evening the fire had spread over an area of ten kilometres, and although more than a thousand men were at work, they were able to d

little. The spectacle was frightful but grand. The sight of the victims quite upset me. These unfortunate people perished for my sake and in the execution of their duty. The Colonel had been my friend since childhood. Maybe my good star is forsaking me; this would indeed be terrible, just at this moment when we mostly require its guidance. I feel better now, although for the past week or so I have been rather depressed. It will take some thirty years or more before we see this ground covered with vegetation. We have had rain, the weather is cool and pleasant, but the spectacle is heart-rending. It was very good of you to wire me.

Athens,

January 10th, 1917.

MY DEAR PAOLA,

I received your telegram sent from Milan the other day, and am surprised that they should have allowed it to pass.

It is impossible to imagine what we have to bear here. I hope you will not believe the description they give of my character in the newspapers, stating that I am a liar, a humbug, insincere, and that I have betrayed the French, etc.

I have always had the reputation of being a man of integrity, and the Entente are merely showing that they have lost their heads. They do not know what they are doing, and it is not very hopeful for the end of the war. Your letters reach me without being opened by the Italian Censor. Nevertheless, I always have to await an opportunity for replying; it is wiser.

How weary I am of all these dirty politics! I have

periods of disgust and lassitude which almost bring tears to my eyes. Life is such a stupid combination!

Now that the British have lost so many merchant vessels, they are attempting to take possession of ours, which would be equivalent to their being torpedoed, which they inevitably would be. Already we are on the verge of starvation, as a result of their blockade, which they apparently have no intention to raise, and without ships we shall have enormous difficulties in regard to victualling. *And those are the Powers who are supposed to be fighting for Justice and the rights of small nations.* If this is not the height of Jesuitism and humbug, I don't know *what* is. But they have always acted so, and always will. Submarines are infesting our waters like sharks, and the number of ships that are being torpedoed is terrible.

Winter set in three days ago, and the cold is unbearable. All the mountains around Athens are snow-clad, and I am afraid to go outdoors. I hate the cold. I am a Southerner to the core. To add to our misfortunes, the people are without coal and bread in consequence of the blockade. I myself also eat black bread; apparently it is impossible to bake it well, and you find dirt in it.

We have complied with all the requests of the Powers; nevertheless the blockade still continues. They have little faith in us, and must feel very much hurt by our neutrality, to behave as they do. For the purposes of the railways and generating electricity in factories, coal is everywhere being replaced by timber obtained as a result of the fire at Tatoi. For the past three days we have had about a score of Senegalese negroes here, another kind attention on the part of the

Entente. When they go out they are followed by all the street urchins: they might have sent them to some zoological garden. These unfortunate negroes suffer terribly from the cold, and their faces become a greyish green; it seems they feel as though they were at the North Pole.

What is the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" doing?

On the 3rd/16th September, 1916, the unfortunate sovereign wrote to his brother, Prince Andrea, who was then in London, as follows:—

"In these circumstances, the situation is becoming inextricable. The naval and military authorities of the Entente are fomenting and encouraging seditious manifestations and revolution, and are promoting the revolutionary movement at Salonika, with their vexatious measures, and restrictions of all freedom of thought and action. The Ministers of the Entente are paralysing the efforts of every Government, driving the nation to anarchy."¹

There is no need to explain the state of mind of the Greek people nor their opinion of Venizelos. We will let him speak for himself. In his "Creations," p. 190, he writes as follows:—

"One day a friend of mine related to me the conversation he had with his barber, a confessed Venizelist, who said:—

"We think Venizelos has assumed a grave responsibility; he himself tells us that we are going to the dogs. Well, why does he not arrest the Venizelos movement?"

"After my friend had left, I said to myself: 'My friend, that barber was right. My hesitation is

¹ Abbott, "Greece and the Allies"

carrying through my duty to the end should be overcome, as it may be inspired by selfishness. Well,' I said to myself, 'after having triumphed in so many struggles and after so many successes, are you not willing to take all these risks?' 'No, it is better to sit down comfortably and remain a spectator, while my anticipations are being fulfilled, rather than make any further effort to prevent them.' "

I, however, am convinced that other more serious and more threatening causes than the conversation with the barber were the determining factors which led to the flight of Venizelos, who, at the dawn of September 25th, 1916, under the protection of French vessels and of a carnival procession of police officers of the French Secret Service, left Greece for another land.

Of all modern methods of warfare such as liquid fire, tear and asphyxiating gases, submarines and aerial bombardment, the most cruelly refined and inhuman is the blockade. Without bloodshed and without meeting a single projectile or a man, the blockade strikes not only the belligerent armies, but likewise the whole civil population, when, in a cruel spirit of observation, the slow progress of the discomfort, the misery, the languor of hunger can be seen, and, what is still more terrible, it is the old people and women and children who are the first to bear the atrocious suffering thereby caused. The King does not exaggerate when he writes that he ate black bread mixed with dirt. Abbott also confirms this in his book, "Greece and the Allies," and relates how the stoppage of maritime traffic had paralyzed the industries of the country and thrown thousands of unemployed on to the streets and filled them with crowds of beggars. Very numerous were the cases of dysentery and death, especially among the children,

owing to the lack of nourishment, while the French continually repeated:—"If you want to eat, get rid of your King"; but the people, with a devotion and courage and abnegation well worthy of the old Greeks, repeated "We prefer to die," and in one of the villages in the neighbourhood of Eleusis the women and children organized dances which they called "Hunger Dances," while the men, seated around in a circle, with emaciated features and eyes streaming with tears, shouted: "Long live the King!" Not even in the hour of his greatest triumph was the King so dear to the hearts of his people as in those hours of atrocious suffering. Month after month the blockade continued inexorably. The number of deaths increased daily, while the French repeated: "Give in," and the Greek women replied: "No! We will first devour our children."

The people, who had adored their King as a hero, now revered him as a martyr. Nevertheless, he was obliged to leave. The exile of the King was decreed not because it was necessary, but because France demanded it. Why did England take part in a political crime which will for ever darken the military victories won by the Entente? To-day, it is the weak voice of a woman who says this, but *history* will confirm it in the future. The slow murder of King Constantine was only the first of the criminal excesses committed by certain statesmen.

On June 11th the noble task was assigned to Jonnart. A Crown Council was summoned, which took note of the intimation of the Allies. All the chief Ministers were present, pale and trembling with emotion; they listened to the words of the King, who exhorted them to calm the people and to submit. All insistence and all pleading were in vain. The King agreed to be exiled for the country's sake. Every one of the Ministers left in tears.

In the meantime, from hour to hour, the anxiety and anguish of the people increased; and when the confirmation of the departure of the King arrived, the bells began to toll as if for a funeral. Little by little the Royal Palace was surrounded by a crowd, which arrived from all sides, forming themselves into groups and completely besieging it. All the shops were closed; women wept, while men in a state of excitement murmured but one prayer: "Don't go"; and all night there was a continuous pilgrimage and a succession of pleadings which the King resisted for the sake of the country. He was absolutely inflexible.

Towards 4 o'clock in the morning the King made his first attempt to leave, but as soon as the royal car was recognized, the soldiers and people threw themselves prostrate on the ground in order to prevent it from proceeding on its way. Two attempts to leave failed. The people cried out and shouted: "We want our King; we won't let you go." Such was the reply to the message bidding them farewell which the King had published. "It is necessary to obey, and I must leave; I am fulfilling my duty to my country. I am leaving you Alexander, and beg you to resign yourselves and accept my decision; trust in God, whose blessings I invoke on you." Groups read the message in silence, but the crowd, in tears, besieged the palace, and neither messages nor prayers could make them desist.

The spectacle also caused a feeling of uneasiness among the Entente Ministers, and being resolved to bring matters to an end, they caused the Allied fleet to advance in the port. The sailors commenced to disembark, ready to assist the Greek police, even with guns, to disperse the crowd, but not even those severe measures had any effect. It was only as the result of a stratagem that the King and the Royal

Family succeeded in making their departure. Thus concluded a drama which was the beginning of the agony of the King.

Lucerne,

November 24th, 1917.

MY DEAR PAOLA,

How I pity you! What is happening in Italy is terrible, and I was feeling very anxious lately when, at last, your letter reached me and reassured me. Now I feel much better, although I shall have to remain at the clinic for a few days yet. The operation proved more serious than they had anticipated; it lasted an hour and a half; however, I have now recovered, and all that now remains of the wound, which is almost healed, is an opening as large as a shilling, which will very soon close. They have taken away three of my ribs. One will not grow any more, but two will form again, they say, and then I shall really be cured, which will be a great relief. When you think that for the past two and a half years I have never failed every morning to see the doctor, in order to have tubes inserted in my side, it is no pleasant operation, is it?

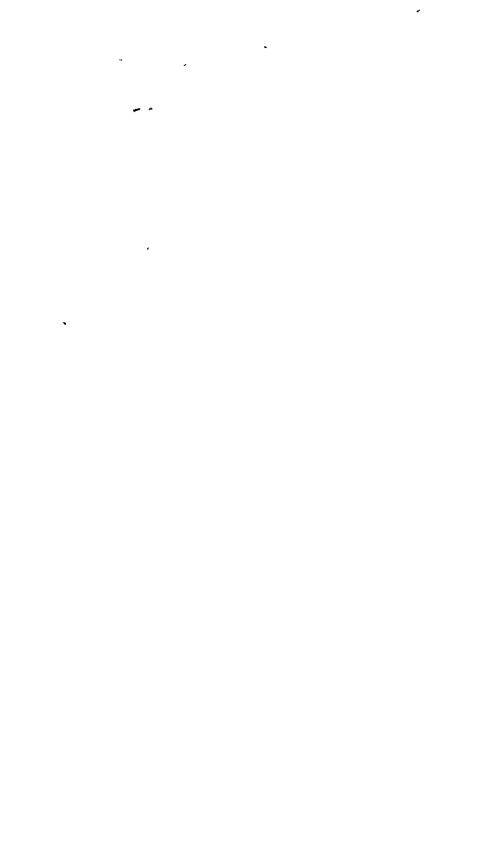
Note.—The King was ailing and low-spirited, and was closely confined to the family circle and the Court which followed him into exile, together with a few loyal political personages. He kept aloof from politics, and only on one occasion made a melancholy reference to them. H.M. the Queen urgently requested to be granted permission to go and see her dying son, King Alexander, but Venizelos thought it preferable to refuse the Queen this slight comfort in their cruel misfortune.

Alexander adored his father, and the King related

to me, with evident emotion, how, on his return to Athens, he had found his apartment closed and everything, even the smallest objects, in the same place as before he left. He told me that Alexander had forbidden anyone to cross the threshold. That was the only reference to the tragic death, and I did not dare to insist further.

Those who were able to witness the return of the sovereign to Greece state that the spectacle of December 18th, 1920, was unforgettable. The whole of Athens was alive with emotion. The only cry that could be heard in all the streets and throughout the day was, "Erchetai! Erchetai!" (He is coming! He is coming!), while the patriotic songs alternated with the shouts in the city, which was illuminated and beflagged from one end to the other. In the meantime the Royal Family was disembarking at Corinth, whence the train proceeded slowly in the direction of Athens, slowly between two lines of the populace which impeded its progress; the people climbed on to the footboard, holding on to the windows and doors, singing and shouting: "Etsi to ethelame, kai ton epherame" (We wanted him so much that they have had to bring him back).

At Athens, the royal carriage, with postilions dressed in blue and silver livery, awaited the sovereigns, who were unable to make progress through such a dense crowd, which pressed forward, tramped on each other, and even kissed the horses, while numbers of persons fainted owing to the great pressure of the multitude.



CAMPAIGN IN ASIA MINOR, 1921

CAMPAIGN IN ASIA MINOR, 1921

Smyrna,

June 18th, 1921.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

At last I have this morning received your telegram, which has relieved me from most painful anxiety. In Italy things are really becoming unbearable with all these strikes which are again breaking out continually and last indefinitely.

In a day or two I shall be going into Asia Minor to open the attack, and God alone knows whether I shall have an opportunity of sending you any letters.

Here I was accorded a really splendid and at the same time touching reception. The morale of the troops could not be better. God grant that all may go well and that we may gain success.

Pray for me; I am sure that your prayers will do me good.

Even if there were the probability of a disease or of my being betrayed, I think the risk would nevertheless be worth while taking in the cause of my country, which I adore; moreover, I cannot govern my actions to fit in with your card game!

It is curious, but when I receive letters from you like the last one, I derive a great deal of courage and enthusiasm from them in my undertakings. And again, it is so nice to know that there is somebody who takes so much interest in me.

We shall now very soon commence operation

The army is almost ready. We are playing a great part, and the European Press is very hostile towards me personally; they write as if it were my war, invented by me to consolidate my position, as if my position required a war to strengthen it!

The European public cannot understand that it is for the liberty of our co-nationals that we are fighting, and that the countries which have been given to us by the Great Powers are purely Greek, and which, for political and financial reasons, they now see fit in their interests to return to the Turks, who, if they came back, would not leave a single Greek alive. In the interior of Asia they are massacring the few of our co-nationals that still remain. The popular demonstrations are everywhere so touching that no Government could refuse to follow their course without being absolutely obliged to do so. The morale of the army, its spirit and its certainty of success are extremely high. God grant that we may not suffer disappointment! It will be a very hard struggle, which will cost us enormous sacrifices; but what a triumph if we win! I have to interview so many people, even quite a number of Turks, who, as a matter of fact, also hope that we shall prove the victors, as Kemal Pasha treats them so harshly, and the population in the interior asks for nothing but peace.

My life here is by no means amusing, for I am almost a prisoner; the High Commissioner lives in such fear that they may do me some harm that he begs of me to go out as little as possible.

When I go to the front I will write to you about the most interesting things that take place.¹

¹ The King left Athens for the front in Asia Minor on the 11th, June, 1921.

*Kioutabia (Asia Minor),
August 9th, 1921.*

MY DEAR PAOLA,

Who knows when I may be able to send you this letter and when you will receive it? But I want to thank you at once for yours of July 16th, and will despatch this as soon as ever possible; for the reasons I have already explained to you, it will have to be posted at Athens.

I am here at this place, about 500 kilometres from Smyrna, of which I did about 300 by rail and the remainder by motor-car on roads that were simply terrible and almost as dusty as that from Milan to Salsomaggiore.

The country round is magnificent. There is not a tree to be seen within a radius of several kilometres, but the cornfields are splendid. The forests are on the mountains, and from the plain little can be seen of them; fortunately, it is not too warm, but the nights are fresh and, at times, even cold. The interior of Asia Minor forms a high terrace; here we are almost at an altitude of 900 metres; near the sea the heat was unbearable, also during the night, when it was damp and oppressive.

Those towns through which we have passed so far are Turkish. They are filthy, badly paved, the streets being very narrow and winding, through which a large motor-car cannot pass. It is extraordinary how little civilized the Turks are; to-day they are almost in the same state in which they were in the year 1500, when they appeared in Europe. It is high time they disappeared once more and went back into the interior of Asia whence they came. Their system of governing is unthinkable. In all these towns one

finds only Armenian women and children; all the adult men have already been sent into the interior two years ago, and who knows what may have become of them? Instead of there being 2,000 Greeks here, there are only ten Greeks and four Armenians. But Kemal Pasha has requisitioned all and everything of which he could make use, even from the Turks, and the distress is very great, and therefore the greater part of the peasants hate him.

There are still some villages where dangerous fanaticism still reigns, and then the Turks go out by night and massacre, in a most atrocious manner, our men or the lorry-drivers who happen to be isolated; they mutilate them and even skin them, which enrages our soldiers to such an extent as to give rise to disagreeable reprisals. The war is developing into wild fighting, and that is the reason why we have so few prisoners—they are all massacred on the spot. The following is a little story that will give you an idea of what goes on. The conversation took place between the Minister for War, Theotokis, and the Commander-in-Chief, Papoulas. It is characteristic, in view of the present mentality.

On arriving here we saw the corpses of two Turkish peasants lying in a ditch at the gates of the town. The Minister asks the General: "Why don't you have them buried?" The General replies: "I know very well I ought to have them buried, especially as they already stink, but I should like to leave them there as an example and warning to others to keep quiet." The Minister: "Have them buried, unhappily there will be others to take their places, just like flowers on the table." It is brutal, is it not?

We are here at Eski-Cheir, where I shall take up

my position in the very strongly fortified lines, prepared as a bulwark to Kemal Pasha's power, which they thought us incapable of taking.

I hope that peace will not now be long in coming, for I confess that we are utterly weary of this war, but, I repeat it, *it was not my war*; it was a national war. My troops are most valiant, and their endurance is wonderful, and their devotion such that it is only with difficulty that I recover from the constant emotion. Even the wounded get out of their ambulances and follow me when I pass by, dragging their bandages along the dust.

The other day at Eski-Cheir I held a review for the purpose of distributing decorations to the colours and the men. It was one of the most magnificent and touching military ceremonies that I have ever witnessed. When you think that this took place near the battlefield, with troops that had only just returned, and when I saw the twenty-four standards, tattered and riddled with bullets, lowered in front of me for the salute, I felt a big lump in my throat. I tremble with emotion as I write this.

Our losses are, thank God, bearable. Those of the Turks are much heavier, and their morale is much lower, because we are fighting from conviction, and numbers of their soldiers were forced to enlist. I heard with pleasure that you prayed for me, as I asked you to do, and I am deeply grateful to you for it. I often think of you, although you seem to doubt it, since you were surprised to receive a telegram congratulating you on your birthday.

*Broussa (Asia Minor),
September 1916, 1921.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is no fault of mine if my letter reached you after so much delay, as you changed your plans and did not go to Carlsbad. Once more it was fortunate that they sent it on to you.

I feel very much flattered by what you say about my letters, especially about the last.

My illness, if such it can be called, was not very serious, although very unpleasant.

One day, when at lunch, although I did not feel ill, and was not suffering from excessive weakness, and knew of nothing to lead me to suppose that I was, I suddenly fainted, a thing that has never happened to me in my life. I remained unconscious for an hour and a half, and when I came to, I did not know at all where I was or what had happened to me. I was bled and put to bed; they said it was a case of auto-intoxication. I remained in bed for five days, taking no other nourishment but milk. Now I am put on a very severe diet—no wine, no meat, no cigarettes, no alcoholic drinks, and every three or four days some boiled chicken. They say that later this diet may be modified somewhat. In any case, it is very unpleasant. Moreover, Eski-Cheir, where I was, is a very unhealthy place, and everybody suffers from malarial and typhoid fevers and stomach troubles. They therefore considered it advisable to bring me here, to Broussa, which is a delightful country, very woody, with much vegetation, and altogether different from the Asia Minor I have so far seen.

You have probably read in the papers that we had

a twenty-days' battle, and the European papers, which are not well disposed towards me, report that we were beaten, which is absolutely untrue. We advanced 300 kilometres into the enemy territory and repulsed Kemal, although, unfortunately, without succeeding in destroying him; but when we have annexed the conquered territory they will very soon realize that we are not beaten. It is absolutely impossible to imagine the total lack of civilization in the life of the Turks in their villages; beyond the village in the immediate vicinity they know nothing more; they cannot understand who we are, to what race we belong nor what we want from them.

We shall now fortify ourselves here on the banks of the Saggarios, a large river which runs through the desert at about sixty kilometres from Angora. If Kemal wants to get rid of us, all he has to do is to attack us, and we shall then see if he succeeds. But there is little fear of his coming to worry us. In any event, let us pray to God that next year I may have an opportunity of going to Salsomaggiore to recuperate. It is not asking too much—three weeks' cure.

In a day or so I shall be returning to Athens, from which city I have been absent three months and a half. As you say, I fear that again I shall not be satisfied and at rest, but this will certainly come later on. It is true that ever since you have known me I have lived through all sorts of adventures, but I hope next year we shall have tranquillity; and I think we deserve it.

In the last operation we had 15,000 men disabled; the Turkish losses were much heavier, but their bulletins are so false that in Europe they do not know whom to believe. Smyrna is an unpleasant town, very

thickly populated, and living there is very expensive;—so you see this is not confined to Carlsbad.

Tatzi,

November 1st, 1921.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I must humbly apologize for not having written to you for a fortnight, but the truth is I have so much to do and so many people to receive that it has been very difficult for me to do so. I hope, however, that this pressure of work will diminish.

I am not merely fighting against Turkey, but against Turkey, Germany and France. The two irreconcilable enemies are in agreement in the matter of sending war material to the Turks. The struggle is beyond our strength; we shall be unable to continue.

You show much good political judgment, and your mind grasps at once the essential point, but I have blind confidence and the utmost faith in the Greek people, and the times of Pericles and those following have no influence whatever on the present circumstances.

I have no money available to send abroad, and even if I had I would not do so, owing to the rate of exchange.¹

May 31st, 1922.

I am absolutely of your opinion with regard to the Genoa Conference. The French are causing annoy-

¹ I had written to His Majesty not to trust the Greek people, who, according to history, always abandoned and killed their king. I also advised him to send some money abroad, as his Majesty had done.

ance to all, and if Lloyd George sent them somewhere a conclusion would be arrived at more rapidly.

The manner in which they have treated the matter up to the present is certainly not the most conducive to peace in the Near East. I am pleased to learn what you tell me about the Italian Press, namely, that they reproduce all that is published in the French Press, although an Italian to whom I spoke told me that in Italy they hate us still more than their enemies, and consider us worse than the Czecho-Slovaks.

It is fortunate for me that you pay no attention to this, for if you thought me Italophobe and an enemy of your country, I should be extremely unhappy. I hope that they will not succeed in influencing you even in the slightest degree.

As you say, the important thing is for the war to finish and for the exchange to improve, which will come about as the result of peace.

Our Minister for Foreign Affairs and the President of the Council ¹ are travelling round Europe and are on the right road to conclude peace. Within a few days they will be in Rome.

¹ Gounaris and Baltazzi.

THE SECOND EXILE

THE SECOND EXILE

*Grand Hotel de la Ville,
Florence,
October 29th, 1922.*

MY DEAR PAOLA,

As I had advised you, I left Pisa this morning at 8.30, without having seen anything of the town, and arrived here at 11 o'clock. Georges Streit was not at the Grand Hotel, where I looked for him, but as this hotel is opposite the other in the same square, I found him at once. As you may imagine, he was surprised to see me. I lunched with him and his cousin and wife, who invited me. The cousin, Maximos, was the President of the National Bank whom the revolutionists sent into exile. Exceptionally intelligent and very amiable, he is very pleasant to talk to; his wife has been very beautiful, and is still very pleasing and affable. The hotel is full of people. It appears that many people wanted to leave to-day, but were prevented from doing so by the suspension of the train service, so that I had considerable difficulty in finding a room.

Florence is a wonderful city. What magnificent walks and splendid parks! The city is well worth visiting, although, up till now, I have only been able to motor through it. Everywhere one sees Fascisti; they drive past in fifties, in lorries. There are also seen many shirts of different colours, blue, green, etc. Apparently they are Fascisti of different shades of political opinion.

Who knows how long I shall be obliged to remain here? Not that I am sorry, but I am thinking that, being obliged to delay my return to Palermo, it was preferable to stay at Sarmato.

I read a rather sentimental description in the *Messaggero* respecting my departure from Piacenza. If only the journalists would leave me in peace, they would do me a great favour. Here, I do not yet seem to have attracted any attention; let us hope that this may continue! It is not by far so cold as at Sarmato; I went for a ride in the motor-car, wearing only a light summer overcoat, and did not feel cold at all.

*Palermo, Villa Hygiea,
November 3rd, 1922.*

MY DEAR PAOLA,

At last I have arrived, yesterday morning, after a very excellent crossing. You now know of my adventures from Pisa to Florence by my letters. Here I found your charming letter of Sunday; unfortunately it is not a reply to mine, because perhaps you had not had time to receive them when you wrote.

I feel rather anxious because I should not like the Fascisti to get possession of them.

As regards my brother, Andrea, they write to me that he is being held a prisoner at Athens in my brother George's palace, and it is said that perhaps he will be taken to prison. . . .

I have already told you verbally and by letter the happiness I experienced during my stay at Sarmato, and I beg you to believe that what I said was not mere compliment; it comes from the very depths of my heart when I tell you that I was happy in your mag-

nificent house of shadow and silence. I am sorry that the doctors have frightened you, but you should not believe in them too much ; they are very good for prescribing the diet I must follow, but nothing else.

Moreover, I have already written and told you to what my indisposition, the name of which I do not know, is due. The same thing happened to me when the revolution at Athens began ; it lasts a day or two, and then passes off.

At the moment, things are going from bad to worse in Greece. Everything is entirely in the hands of the Venizelist party and their intransigent elements ; they are assuming the upper hand more and more every day, and perhaps it is for the best, as in this way public opinion, which is already exasperated, will now know what to think of it all. Will you please tell your family how very grateful I am to them for all the attention they have shown me ?

In Rome it rained in torrents. I left the Legation, and the Fascisti authorities would not allow me to pay for my ticket to Naples nor for the sea journey to Palermo. The Italians are so kind and courteous that I was impressed and touched by their action.

The hotel here is so situated that I cannot leave it without traversing the most populous districts of the city ; I have to ride out in the car in order to find a quiet spot ; when I take a walk in the town, a throng of people at once gathers around me, which is unpleasant in the extreme.

*Palermo, Villa Hygiea,
November 2nd, 1922*

MY DEAR PAOLA,

. . . Delle Puglie¹ is here; he is a nice chap and very lively. Sometimes I wonder what he is thinking about when he is continually laughing.

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You have already read in the newspapers what has happened in Athens.

To accuse these poor Ministers,² who have always done all that was humanly possible in the interests of their country, of treason because a war is going badly, is really going too far, especially as it is not a military defeat, but a political disaster, the result of anti-national propaganda. You were right when, a few years ago, you wrote to me, "When you meet a viper crush his head and not his tail." I have been too indulgent and too civil to that man. I know what you have in mind, but do not accuse my people; they are not responsible for the deeds of murder.

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Letter received three days after the death of His Majesty:—

¹ H.R.H. Duke delle Puglie

² The accusations referred to were formulated by the revolutionaries against the ex-Presidents of the Council. Gounaris, Protopapadias and Stratos and the ex-Ministers Baltazzi, Theotokis and Goudas, the ex-Generalissimo Hatzianestis and General Stratis. They were all condemned after a mock trial and summarily shot (with the exception of Stratis and Goudas) on November 28th, 1922.

*Palermo, Villa Hygeia,
January 6th, 1923.*

MY DEAR PAOLA,

At the end of this week we are leaving to take up our residence at Florence. On the way we shall spend one night at Naples, where I hope they will not detain us long. Afterwards we shall stop a few days in Rome to pay a visit to the King and give my daughters an opportunity of seeing a little of the city. I suppose that when you leave Turin you will telegraph me your address at Rome; later on I will wire you the exact time of our arrival, but do not forget that the trains are always very late. I fear this letter may no longer find you at Turin, but the hotel people will certainly have it forwarded on to you.

When I think that I shall soon be able to see you once again, I feel very happy, and hope that when I am in Florence I shall be able to visit you now and again at Sarmato.

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A KING'S PRIVATE LETTERS